The Listener

Published by the British Broadcasting Corporation

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How France Copes With Unemployment

SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES

By DAVID SCOTT

THINK there is a pretty general idea that unemployment in France is a much less serious thing than unemployment in the British Isles, if only because the number of people without work is so much less than over here. In France there are only 33,000 unemployed registered and drawing relief. At home we still have over 2,000,000, but those figures are deceptive, and I am inclined to think that the position of the unemployed man in France is really worse than that of the unemployed man in England. The problem is different in this country and is being tackled differently. In many ways it is easier for France. To begin with, the country is larger and the population is smaller than with us, so that there is less overcrowding and more freedom for people to move about the country and find jobs away from home. France is still much less highly industrialised than England. Except for the coalmining areas in the north there is nothing here like our Black Country, where for a hundred years now the factory has been practically the only means of life. Even the mining areas in France are not black in that sense. The pit shafts and slag heaps stand among open fields all carefully cultivated. Some of the mining villages are pretty dreary, but most of them have been rebuilt since the War and have plenty of open spaces round about them. The same applies to the factories in other industrial areas. The people who work in them are industrial workers now, but they still belong fairly closely to the countryside. A lot of them are quite

French Opinion—'Wigs by Clarkson'

capable of working on the land, and they do that when the factory closes or goes on short time. Nearly all of them belong to peasant families who have land of their own not far away. The farmer's sons can go home and live with their people, working for them at harvest time or when they fall out of employment in the factory. These fellows can do without the dole, or they draw it only for a short time now and then. That is one reason why the unemployment figures here are small. There must be really about 1,000,000 unemployed in France, but about two-thirds of them are always getting in and out of employment and they don't appear in the official figures.

You see now one reason why French unemployment looks less serious than ours. There are other reasons. One of them is that France is a country of small proprietors and small employers. Just as the peasant owns most of the land instead of working on it for wages, so in industry and business a big proportion of French workers, perhaps three-quarters of them, are their own employers. They work in small units of two or three and they can rub along somehow for a long time even when things are bad without drawing relief. They prefer not to draw relief, because if they do the unit breaks up and the men are turned adrift, but when all else fails and they have only the dole to live on, they come up against the three big differences between the French system and the British.

In France there is no national relief system for the unemployed. The dole is organised locally by the mayors

of the villages and communes, which correspond to our parishes. The advantage of this to the Government is that it saves them money, because a good deal of the burden falls on the local funds. The system worked quite well when there wasn't much unemployment and when people thought it would not last for long. Now it is getting to be very hard on the smaller local authorities, and harder still on some of the unemployed. Some of the mayors of villages have refused to work the system any longer because their districts cannot afford the funds. When they did work it it meant in practice that a lot of unemployed men got no relief at all and had to live on their wits. The

local fund did not open until the mayor thought it necessary, and he naturally put off opening it as long as he could. So long as there were, say, only 50 unemployed in a town of 5,000 people, unemployment in that town was not serious from the public point of view, and those 50 men had no dole to draw. They starved or poached or tramped about the country.

The minimum dole for a single man in France is 10 frs. a day, that is normally worth Is. 8d., and if he lives in lodgings his landlady gets 4 frs. a day, that is 8d., paid to her for his room, so that the unemployed man in France gets at least 16s. 4d. a week-11s. 8d. to feed and keep him and 4s. 8d. for rent. There are family allowances on various scales.

So far as money goes, I suppose the French unemployed man is no worse off than the English one, and

The Frenchman does not have to make any contribution for the dole when he is in work, but the unemployment inspector cuts down his dole as soon as he gets a job. The French Government do all they can to keep down the unemployment figures. They get some help from the natural advantages I have told you about, and there are other conditions in this country which make the labour market more elastic than ours. One of them is the large number of foreign workers who have come in since the War and can be sent home now for one reason or another, though they were deliberately encouraged to come by the Government when labour was short. The majority of the miners in the north

are Polish and most

of the stone-

masons and building labourers in the

south are Italians.

Now they want to

get rid of these people. The autho-

rities, as you may guess, are not too

gentle in their way

of doing it. It is

the law in France that any foreigner

can be ordered to

leave the country

without an explanation. The police are on the look-

out for foreign

workmen who take

part in political demonstrations, or-ganise strikes or

give any other ex-

cuse for their ex-

pulsion; and the foremen in the fac-

tories are sharp to

pick quarrels with the foreign workers

in some places, and

the foreign workers,

are then dismissed.

I have learned from

some of the miners I have spoken to that a favourite

method in some

places is to stop a man in the street, when they know he

has spent his

Down and out in Paris Photograph: Brassai. From 'Paris de Nui:', by Paul Morand (Batsford)

there was a time when he did fairly well on his dole, because the French have always been used to living on less money than we live on, and they are very good housekeepers; but now I doubt if they have any advantage except in food, which they manage better than we do. Almost everything else in France is dearer than the same thing is in England, especially clothes and boots, and it is not so good. As for food-the French working man at dinnertime says he is going to 'manger la soupe', and his wife is usually expert at making a really good soup of inexpensive things; but meat is getting very dear and bad in France, and the prices of butter and milk have gone up since the Government practically stopped importing from abroad. On the whole there is practically not much to choose now between the French dole and the British dole as a means of subsistence.

money, and demand to be shown what money he has. If he cannot produce 5 frs. he may be arrested and charged with vagabondage, and that means expulsion. The Polish miners have suffered a good deal lately by this, and from being accused of Communist activities. As a fact very few of them are Communists; most of them are devout Catholics and Conservatives. In one way or another France has succeeded in getting rid of over 400,000 foreign workmen in the last four years. If they were still in the country they might bring the true number of the unemployed nearly to the British level.

Conscription also helps to keep down the figures. It

means that something like a quarter of a million young men who would otherwise be in the labour market are in the army and navy all the time. That is perhaps better for them than cooling their heels at the street corner. It certainly makes a difference to the unemployment figures. Now you may wonder why I should think French unemployment is worse than ours. I will tell you. In France unemployment relief is still organised on the assumption that unemployment is a temporary and passing thing, so apart from the dole practically nothing has been done here to find any sort of occupation for men who cannot get jobs in industry, or even to bring them together so that they do at least get some feeling of companionship and moral support. There are no training centres, no land settlement, no private organisations, no hostels, no clubs.

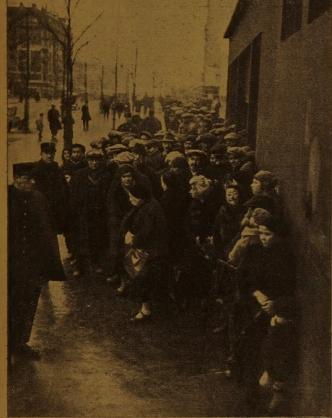


Unemployed demonstrators marching through the streets of Paris

doors, washing their clothes in streams and puddles, feeding themselves as best they can.

Every town refuse dump and barrack kitchen has regular queues of down-and-outs. They may be two or three; they may be a hundred, who come every day to collect the scraps of food left from the soldiers' rations or to turn over the garbage for what they can find. Paris has a regular ragged population who sleep out at night and camp in dreadful squalor on its quays in the day time. Only yesterday I saw a sandwich man—he was quite a young fellow—and his bare toes stuck out of his boots. He was leaning over the parapet of the bridge and shouting down to a friend below 'I have got a job'. The sandwich boards rattled on the stone parapet and the man below laughed at them. He was making coffee in an old tin over a fire of twigs.

I have been stopped twice in Paris at an interval of about a fortnight by the same workman begging for a couple of francs. The first time he looked hungry but



Queuing up for the soup kitchen

Men are given their dole and turned into the street to make the best of it. Those who don't get the dole—and they are many—are left to look after themselves, except in a few places where the Salvation Army, or another organisation, has a centre. There are soup kitchens to feed them in the towns, but very few. There are no clubs for them to live in and hardly any attempt to care for their health or give them the chance to have a bath or a change of clothes. The really desperate unemployed—those who have no work at all, no regular dole and no one to help them—lead the life of absolute paupers, sleeping out of



The large number of foreign workers in France adds to her unemployment problem: a group of foreign unemployed waiting outside a Paris Labour Exchange



'The filth and misery of some parts of the town are indescribable'—an out-of-works' camp in Marseilles

alert and clean; the second time he was so changed I didn't recognise him as the same man. 'Yes', he said: 'you helped me the other day. It is real misery'. And I believed him.

It is true that the French Government, unlike ours, is starting a big scheme of public works, but I doubt whether it will really help very much. It will certainly take a long time to make a difference. The works are all of a kind

Making work for the unemployed of Marseilles in a grindstone factory

Photographs: B.N.A.

which give so little employment in proportion to their extent.

I have just spent a couple of days at Marseilles, taking time to look round. I know Marseilles well enough not to imagine that it is a bed of roses, but the filth and misery in some parts of the town are indescribable. Conditions there seem to be much worse than a year ago. An untidy open space behind the Chamber of Commerce, close to where the King of Yugoslavia and Barthou were shot the other day, has become a sort of camp for homeless people. They sleep there at night in rows rolled up in awful rags, huddled against the walls and among timber props of the old buildings. The squalor and misery which these unfortunate people, mostly Arabs and foreigners, collect in their improvised huts at night and drag about with them in the daytime are terrifying. They lie like corpses in the shadows. Only their snoring tells you they are alive. Mangy rats scurry amongst them searching for food. Conditions of this kind are probably worse in Marseilles than in any other French town. Yet Marseilles has been carrying out for two or three years a huge programme of public works, including harbour extension that will soon make it the greatest seaport in Europe. The new moles and jetties extend for miles and cover an enormous area all round the inland lake of Marignan, but they don't employ more than a couple of thousand workmen at a time, and while these works go on the utmost distress may be seen in some areas. So in spite of the efforts that are being made here now I haven't a great deal of confidence in the immediate future for unemployment in this country. I am afraid their state is going to be a lot worse before it gets better.

I know that in the British Isles it is considered that unemployment relief should be a matter for the whole nation and not for private effort; that we should not depend on what we get from charity; and that work or maintenance is a human demand. Unemployment is going to be a primary problem of our civilisation. We can't afford to neglect anything that will make life easier and less depressing. I think that is where England has gone ahead of France and perhaps of other countries. She has been the first to swallow her pride, as it were, and

get down to realities, not through vague and grandiose schemes but by enlisting the goodwill and public spirit of those who can give time and money on behalf of those who suffer from the curse of idleness.

24 OCTOBER 1934

In France the fate of the unemployed man is nobody's business. When he has drawn his pittance from his local fund he is left to himself. He has no trust in his fellowcitizens. In England

it seems that unemployment is at last going to be faced as the personal concern of everyone who can help the unemployed. In so far as that is true, I think you are already more fortunate than your neighbour, and I hope you can also find reasons for the view.

Forthcoming Music

The Symphony Concert which will be relayed from the Queen's Hall on Wednesday, October 31, strikes rather a new note in Queen's Hall programmes. The three works to be performed are not symphonies, but they are all major compositions of a symphonic of the symphonic of th phonic nature, the blending together of which in a single programme is of considerable interest to music-lovers. Holst's 'The Planets' is to be performed as a tribute to the memory of its composer; Adrian Boult, who will conduct it, directed its first public performance in 1915 at a Royal Philharmonic Concert. The other works included in the programme are Scriabin's 'Prometheus' and 'Also sprach Zarathustra' (Strauss), in which the soloist will be Myra Hess.

The programme of the first Chamber concert in the new series, which will be given on Friday, October 26, will include the César Franck Quartet in D and Beethoven's Quartet in C (Op. 59, No. 3) performed by the Pro Arte Quartet; and also items by the New English Singers, who will sing music by William Byrd, Orlando Gibbons, Thomas Morley, and arrangements of traditional songs by Vaughan Williams

Tomorrow evening (October 25) the National Programme will broadcast a concert under the title of 'Serenade'. The works which the Boyd Neel Chamber Orchestra will give, however, are representative, not of the romantic love-songs which have come to be associated in most people's minds with that name, but of the more elaborate orchestral compositions which were so popular in the eighteenth century. The programme at 10.15 tomorrow will consist of an overture by Rossini, Mozart's 'Divertimento for Strings in D', Rachmaninov's 'Vocalise', and the Symphony No. 97 in C. by Haydn,

A short concert of music by Karol Szymanowski is to be re-

layed from Dartington Hall, Totnes, on October 27. Szymanowski himself will be the solo pianist, and will also play duets with Roman Totenberg (violin).

A Tour Through Time and Space

Our Nearest Neighbour in Space—The Moon

By SIR JAMES JEANS

T last we are really starting off into space, and shall begin with a visit to our nearest neighbour—the moon. We must imagine we have a magic carpet at our dis-losal, like the travellers in the Arabian Nights, which will take us, as fast as we like, to anywhere we like.

We start off and pass rapidly through our own atmosphere.

As we leave it behind us we see wonderful changes occurring.

Last week we saw how the particles of air, water and dust in our atmosphere break up the sun's light and distribute its different colours—the oranges and reds to the sunrise and sunset, the blue to the sky overhead, the purple haze to the distance, the greens and pinks to the dawn and twilight. As we ascend higher and higher the number of particles between us and the sun gets ever fewer; gradually we see the blue light of the sky disappearing, until finally we are left with a jet-black sky which is broken only here and there by the vivid points of light we recognise as stars. Sunlight no longer has a large part of its blue light abstracted from it, so that the sun looks far bluer than it did on earth, and also far brighter. And over there we see the moon, bathed in the rays of the sun. We notice that those parts of it which are turned away from the sun are perfectly dark, and see that the moon gives no light of its own but only shines where the sun's light falls on it. We have direct evidence of this when the sun is eclipsed. The moon slowly passes in front of it, until the light of the sun is entirely blotted out. Any light which the moon emits on

its own account ought now to be seen very clearly. But we see no such light; the moon looks absolutely black

At the same time we can see that the moon has no atmosphere surrounding it. For just at the end of the eclipse comes the final moment of darkness; in a second the sun will blaze out from behind the dark moon—it will, so to speak, rise from beyond the horizon formed by the edge of the moon. If there were an atmosphere on the moon, now is the time it would disclose its presence. The rising of the sun would be heralded by tints of dawn, like those we see when it rises from below the horizon on earth. Actually we see nothing of the kind; the sun bursts forth suddenly and instantaneously in all its vividness we see that the moon has no atmosphere to produce the tints of dawn.

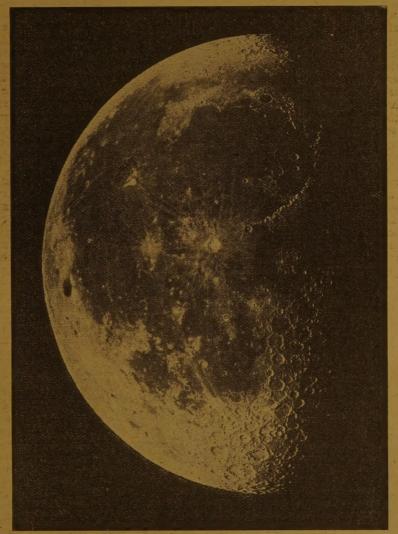
And, because of this, when we reach the moon, its landscapes will look very different from those we have left behind us on earth. All the effects of colour, light and shade that we describe as 'atmospheric' will be wanting. There will be no blue sky overhead, no purple distances; no gold or silver at sunrise and sunset; no soft dawns and twilights. The sun will rise from

below the horizon with all the suddenness of turning on an electric light. All day long we shall feel as though we were in the beams of a terribly powerful searchlight—the sun. Where these fall there will be brilliant white light, everywhere else the blackness of night. The absence of atmosphere on the moon can be very simply explained. For unless an astronomical body has a considerable hold over its atmosphere, this will go dancing off molecule by molecule into space, and the plain

into space, and the plain truth is that the moon is too feeble-not forceful enough — to retain an atmosphere. On earth we are continually conscious of the weights of our bodies; every time we try to jump or run we feel the earth pulling us down-wards with its mighty gravitational pull, and, of course, it exerts a similar pull on all other objects -it was this that caused Newton's apple to fall to the ground, and it is this that prevents objects on the earth from flying off into space as they are whirled round by the earth's rotation.

Now the moon is much

smaller than the earth, so that its gravitational pull is far feebler. If we step off our magic carpet on to the moon, we shall hardly be conscious of the weights of our bodies; we shall find we can jump about six times as high as on earth, and can fall six times as far without hurting ourselves. If we take off from the ground with a speed of twenty feet a second, we shall jump to a height of six feet on earth, but to a height of thirty-six feet on the moon. In the same way the shot from a gun may rise to a height of six



A near view of the moon, showing plains, the so-called 'seas', mountain ranges, and volcanic craters

Photograph by Puiscux, Paris Observatory

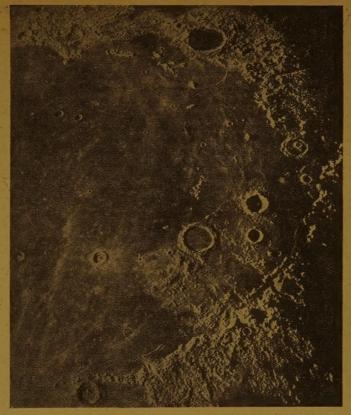
miles on earth, but would rise to a height of thirty-six miles on the moon. Molecules of air, however, move many times faster than gunshot, and when we calculate how high these would rise on the moon, we find they would leap right off into space, never to return. This is how we know that the moon cannot have an atmosphere. It may have had one in the remote past-millions of years ago-but if so, all its molecules must have danced off

into space long ago.

When the early astronomers first studied the moon through their minute telescopes, they saw landscapes of rugged mountain ridges interspersed with flat level areas, which they imagined to be seas of water. We know now that they were wrong in this identification. If there were seas, or lakes, or even rivers, of water on the moon, we should be sure to see some at least of these glittering in the bright sunlight. Yet although the moon has been studied for centuries, no one has ever seen anything which has in the least resembled the glitter of sunlight on water. Indeed, the moon could retain water even less than air, for its molecules, being of lighter weight, would dance off into space even more nimbly than those of air do. Clearly then the flat areas do not consist of water. It is less easy to discover what they do consist of. But there are many ways of studying the problem, of which I can only mention one.

At intervals the earth comes exactly between the sun and the moon, temporarily shutting off the sun's rays from the moon's surface. We call this an eclipse of the moon. If we happen to be on the moon when such an eclipse occurs, we shall feel a chilly feeling coming over us—just as we do on earth when a big dark cloud passes temporarily over the face of the sun. Now astronomers can estimate the severity of the chill; they have instruments with which they can measure the temperature of any spot they please on the surface of the moon, and so, of course, can record the rate at which this temperature changes. When they do this, they find two things. First, the chill is a very sudden one —the temperature changes very rapidly. Second, the chill is a very intense one —the temperature falls very low. At a spot on the moon where the sun is beating right

down from overhead, the temperature may be as high as 200 degrees Fahrenheit—nearly the temperature of boiling water; then the earth intervenes and blots out the sun's rays, and within a few minutes the temperature will have fallen to 150 degrees below zero—which is far below the temperatures of



A still closer view of part of the moon, showing plains and craters which can easily be identified in the upper right-hand part of the photograph on the previous page

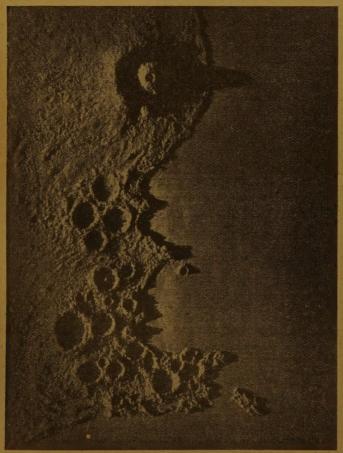
Photograph: Mount Wilson Observatory

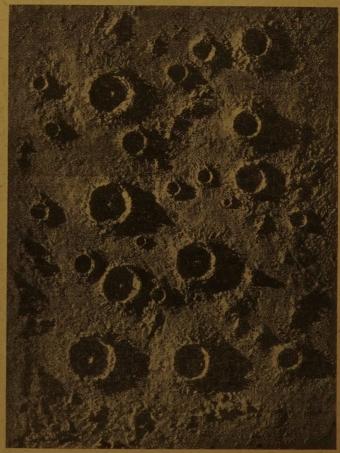
our own polar regions, indeed, it is 56 degrees lower than the lowest temperature which has ever been recorded on earth.

Now if the flat parts of the moon were seas of real water, we should expect the exact opposite of this. For water retains its heat and cold for a long time—we know how the water of a lake stays warm until late evening, long after the sun's rays have left it, and bathers know only too well how the sea stays cold after the hot summer sun has been shining on it for hours and even for days. Indeed, we owe our warm English climate to the way in which the water of the Gulf Stream retains relics of its tropical heat all through its long journey from the Gulf of Mexico to our own shores.

Whatever the flat surface of the moon may consist of, then, it must be something very different from water. Instead of retaining its heat for a long time, it gives it up very quickly. And, among all the substances which are conceivably possible for the moon's sur-

possible for the moon's surface, only one has the precise properties needed. This is volcanic ash. With a surface of volcanic ash we should expect the moon to show exactly those rapid and violent changes of temperature which are actually observed; with no other substance could the changes be so sensationally violent.





Models showing (left) the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, and (right) an equal area of the surface of the moon. The similarity suggests that the circular markings on the moon's surface are of volcanic origin

Apart from this, it is perfectly reasonable to suppose that the moon's surface consists of volcanic ash. In our first talk we glanced at a very early stage of the development of our own earth. The outer layer had already formed into a cool solid crust, but inside this was a far hotter and still liquid core, which gradually shrank, and, as it did so, left the outer crust unsupported, and unable to support its own weight. We watched this crust cave in, crumbling and wrinkling as it did so, and forming mountain ridges and valleys by its folds and wrinkles. Here and there, where the crust was thinner or weaker than usual, the hot liquid inside would force its way through, spurting out and forming a volcano. A few such volcanoes can still be found on earth, and still throw out samples of the earth's interior at intervals. But the few mountains which are still actively volcanic form only a small fraction of the number which are known to have been volcanic in the past. At one time our earth must have been fairly dotted over with volcanoes, continually throwing out immense masses of lava and igneous rocks. Our atmosphere, and its concomitants of rain, snow and frost have gradually disintegrated these rocks, forming first soil, and then vegetation, and so making old mother earth a possible home for its offspring of varied and teeming life which now inhabits it.

We may well imagine that the moon passed through the same early stages of development as our earth. As it cooled, a solid crust would form, which would in due course fall in on the ever-shrinking inner layers. Here and there—at the weak spots of the crust—volcanic vent-holes would form, through which much of the liquid substance of the interior would be squirted out in flows of lava which would cool and solidify in time. At this point the two stories diverge. On the earth, a certain amount of light gas will already have floated up to the surface. This, in combination with the water, steam and gases ejected from the volcanoes will in time form oceans and atmospheres. Rain and snow will follow, frost and ice, then soil and vegetation, finally animal life.

On the moon also, the light gases and water will rise to the surface, but they will not stay there. As we have already seen, their molecules fly off into space—the puny mass of the moon has not sufficient gravitational grip to retain them. And so it comes about that as the moon cools into a solid mass, its volcanoes merely lapse into inactivity, while their outpourings of lava remain to form the unchanging surface of a dead world.

Whether or not this is the true story of the moon's past, it at least fits in remarkably well with the present appearance of the moon—so well, indeed, that we can hardly doubt its accuracy. For when we view the moon through a big telescope we see that it is dotted over with formations that look almost exactly like our terrestrial volcanoes-most of them with vent-holes and craters all complete. Volcanoes are far more numerous on the moon than they now are on earth-although possibly not more numerous than they once were. They are, however, certainly much larger than our terrestrial volcanoes. One is larger than the whole of Wales, while many are larger than whole English counties. The mountains on the moon are also relatively higher than those on earth—indeed, the whole scenery of the moon is on a rather heroic scale. Possibly the feebleness of the moon's gravitational pull may provide an explanation of this. The general appearance of the moon, as seen through a large telescope, consists of volcanic craters large and small, dotted about so lavishly in places that two or often more may overlap, of the so-called seas, which we now believe to be flat plains of volcanic ash, and of bold ranges of jagged and often precipitous mountains, generally occurring in ranges, but sometimes as isolated peaks.

Something else, that I have not so far mentioned, may have been partly responsible for the present appearance of the moon. Occasionally, when we on earth look upwards at night, we see bright points of light darting across the sky as though the stars were unable to keep their places in the heavens, and were falling to earth. Indeed, we describe those objects as shooting stars. The majority are tiny pellets of rock or metal—

many of them so small that we could hold thousands in each of our hands. For millions of years they have been travelling through space at enormous speeds, perhaps as high as 100 miles a second, until suddenly one night they run into the earth's atmosphere. The friction of the air then raises them to a white heat, so that they shine with the brilliant light we know so well. As they dash through the air they rapidly disintegrate into dust and disappear from sight within a few seconds—generally while they are still many miles above the surface of the earth.

Sometimes larger masses of rock and stone come hurtling through the air in the same way, and at the same great speeds. These shine even more vividly; also because of their larger size they do not disintegrate so rapidly in their flight through the air. Often they last long enough to strike the earth; we then describe them as meteorites. Sometimes they bury themselves deep in the soil, making huge holes as they do so. There is, for instance, a large hole in the earth in Arizona, three miles in circumference and more than a tenth of a mile in depth, which is believed to have been formed in this way. The size of the hole suggests that the meteorite which produced it may have been about the size of St. Paul's Cathedral, and may have weighed perhaps 14 million tons.

The moon must be just as liable to bombardment by these objects as the earth is. But when they strike the moon they find no atmosphere to check their flight, to raise them to incandescence and finally to dissipate the smaller of them into dust. When they hit the surface of the moon, they are still moving with the high speeds with which they had been travelling through space. And, with these high speeds, their capacity for doing damage is enormous. Even a small pellet may do as much damage as the largest shot or shell ever fired from a gun; a really large meteorite can make more havoc than we can well imagine. Now the impacts of these bodies on the moon may well have had some influence on its present appearance. They may have formed some of the smaller holes in its surface, and may perhaps have helped break its mountains into its present jagged shapes. We on earth owe it to our atmosphere that we are not under incessant bombardment by these objects—only a very few get through the atmosphere to do damage on earth.

Under the title of Simple Science (Blackwell, 8s. 6d.) Professor E. N. da C. Andrade and Julian Huxley have produced a simple, unpretentious and admirably-written book which should take its proper place as a contribution to the delight as well as to the enlightenment of youth. To expound science in graceful and luminous outline, not systematically as a school subject, but as a body of knowledge connected with everything around us, without erring through heartiness or by false emphasis, is difficult; it is only within the capacity of these, like the authors, who are expert in their fields, who have wide experience of the capacities of those for whom their book is primarily written, and who know how to write. The book is in three main sections, called Things Around Us', 'Science and Life', and 'Forces at Work', but a better idea of the ground covered is indicated by the subjects of the successive chapters. The book begins with the question: What is science? It goes on to discuss the nature of things, movements and forces, energy, air, water, life, breathing and burning, how we move our bodies, how the body machine is controlled, heat and temperature, human temperature and human health, how plants live, some different ways of living, the world of electricity, current electricity, magnetism, light, inorganic chemistry, hydrocarbons and carbohydrates, alcohol and coal tar. The sequence has evidently been carefully thought out, the arrangement goes far to make the book a connected whole despite its wide range. There are more than four hundred illustrations, all in line, by L. G. Brightwell. They are technically adequate, well chosen, and lively. One class of reader, possibly more than the young people for whom the book has been primarily written, will enjoy and profit by the book—the specialist worker in science, He will find in it much that he has forgotten and much else that has never been quite so plainly put before.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W. I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Overseas and Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

Libraries and Charlatans

HE management of Public Libraries is a task which grows with the years. In their latest Report the Public Libraries Committee of the Westminster Corporation have some pertinent things to say. 'Book selection is an increasingly difficult problem; the charlatan-author is a new and growing phenomenon in the world of books. A generation ago almost every biography was the serious work of a person especially qualified for the task by knowledge or study. The craze for rewriting the lives of the great, with false values and warped perspective, may produce amusing and readable results, but such successes as have been achieved owe more to the novelist's art than to that of the biographer . . Pretentious philosophy, unsound economics, pseudo-science—the sciolist usurps every chair—scarcely a class in what was formerly considered the serious and informative section of the Library but risks debasement and contamination by his too facile pen. Expert guidance in selection is insufficient or too long delayed. Clever and wide advertisement creates immediate demand which it is difficult to resist until the

imposture is unmasked'.

The trouble is not susceptible of any simple and immediate remedy. There is so often a natural reluctance on the part of the academic world to admit the merit of works which poach on their preserves. It is hardly in professional human nature to be pleased when some popular writer achieves large sales with a biography of a historical character upon whom the academic man has himself laboured for years without much, or perhaps any, popular recognition; and there is no doubt that the newcomer or the non-academic writer has a hard battle for justice when his work is in fact careful and good, still more when it is challenging and unfamiliar. The story of academic orthodoxy, of the way certain schools of opinion in history, in philosophy, in economics and science have reigned for years and have vigorously sat on heterodoxy, is too full of the dangers which accompany official standards. Librarians cannot choose their books, even on economics, by a scrutiny of the status of the writer and the weight of the letters after his name.

What then is the Librarian to do, faced with readers who want the books they see advertised and hear discussed? A measure of procrastination, such as is frankly avowed, for example, in the Annual Report of the Croydon Public Library Services, called What Croydon Reads, enables Librarians with the help of responsible reviews to gain some idea of the sort of rank a book is going to take. Bodies like the Historical Association issue their annual surveys of the literature of the year, but these surveys cannot reach the Librarian before he has taken his decision. The problem, after all, is not whether or no to buy popular and perhaps worthless books, a certain number of which must be provided for their entertainment value, but how to maintain the instructive standards in a good Library. It is plainly wrong that because an author and his publisher choose to call his imaginings history they should be classified under History in the Library shelves. A Librarian can maintain his trust who keeps rigorous standards of classification, making books which seem to be purely commercial ventures wait their turn and, perhaps, inserting in their covers references to authoritative reviews. Such reviews might even be, with great profit to readers, kept available in a special section of the Reference Library.

In far too many libraries at present it is a matter of chance what book an earnest but uninstructed student will find under the most serious section headings. Works presented by their authors, as some leading advocates of the Baconian theory have distributed their theses through the Libraries of England, out-of-date and random pieces—there is no knowing what you will find as armed with your ratepayer's ticket you lose yourself among the shelves. The function of the Librarian grows in complexity as the thirst for information on an increasing range of topics brings more and more readers only too anxious to know what to read. Competitive commercial publishing has many advantages and gives every sort of writing some sort of chance, but it does not give disinterested advice about what to read or what books are good. There has been so far too much reliance on the old conception of a Librarian as a person who kept in good order the books of a community or individual who knew very well how to use them. The Public Librarian of today keeps the books of a democracy at once eager to learn and ill-equipped for judging its self-appointed teachers. He must be a watchdog with wide sympathies for unofficial and unorthodox as for conventional pens, but with a powerful nose for a bad piece of work, and he should so arrange his Library that good biographies and bad are not stood side by side without a word or a sign of guidance to distinguish between them.

Workers' Insurance

HE B.B.C. deeply regrets the inaccuracies which appeared in The Listener leading article of October 17 (page 636) under the title 'Workers' Insurance', whereby Sir Joseph Burn, miscalled Sir Joseph Benn, was described as the Chairman of the Prudential Assurance Company of which Sir Joseph Burn is in fact the General Manager.

In case the impression should have been created by the article in question that the Prudential Assurance Company is the subject of the matters discussed, the B.B.C. desires to make plain that this was not so, and the mention of that Company was made solely on account of the fact that Sir Joseph Burn, who is to broadcast on Saturday next, the 27th instant, holds office in that Company.

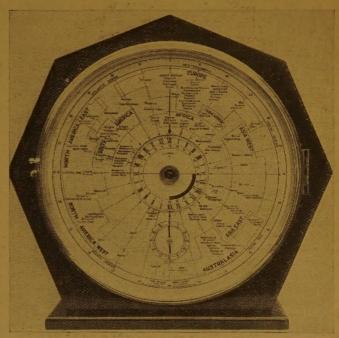
The B.B.C. expresses deep apologies to the Prudential

The B.B.C. expresses deep apologies to the Prudential Assurance Company for any inconvenience it may have been caused by the article in question. It recognises that the Prudential are the pioneers in improving the system of Industrial Assurance and for that reason requested Sir Joseph Burn to assist in the broadcast.

Week by Week

HERE are few more familiar landmarks in West London than the Imperial Institute in South Kensington. Since its foundation, under the leadership of Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales, as a memorial to the Jubilee of his mother, the Institute has passed through forty chequered years, being passed from one Government Department to another. The idea of a centre in London where the products of all parts of the Empire can be scientifically studied and at the same time displayed and made interesting to the general public is a sound and important one, and under Sir William Furse, who is now retiring from the direction of the Institute, great progress has been made in making the galleries lively and entertaining places. The rows of glass bottles which too often do duty for an exhibition of products have given place to panoramic models and working replicas of tropical farms. Over a million people and working replicas of tropical farms. Over a million people visit the Institute every year, many of them school children in parties, and a cinema and a wireless talk combine with the tour of the galleries to make a varied and much enjoyed afternoon. Sir William Furse is leaving the Institute for which he has done so much, at a time when its future is clouded and uncertain. The Dominions, in pursuance of their policy of developing and concentrating upon their own centres in London, have announced their intention of ceasing their contributions to the Institute. Those contributions are not large, a few thousand pounds a year from all the Dominions combined, but they are vital to a work which has never been adequately financed. For the colonies, who are unable to maintain as the Dominions do their own impressive centres in the capital of the Empire, the Institute is invaluable. The colonies, as the places for which Great Britain has direct responsibility, are the part of the Empire on whose behalf both educational and scientific work most requires to be done. The great London Museums receive grants from the Board of Education. In the same way the Imperial Institute, which has been well called the Museum of the Future, the place where the possibilities of tomorrow can be studied and tested, deserves to take honourable rank among the educational institutions of the country.

So long as we each remain caged in a single time area, the mediæval method of telling the time by trundling twin hands round a dial served its purpose. But now that we can talk across frontiers and seas and listen to broadcasts and events in time areas other than our own, a clock that shall show us times everywhere has become essential; and this new need has lately been met in a very ingenious way by Mr. J. F. Willis, of Norwich. His World Clock is based on the simple principle of revolving a dial round stationary hands instead of two hands round a stationary dial. As the dial revolves anti-clockwise it shows the hour at the stationary point represent-ing one's own time area; and since one can place round the dial as many fixed points as desired, a single dial revolving on a chart of the world on its time instead of its geographical meridians, will automatically show times everywhere. Even with a dial too small to carry on its circumference the divisions of minutes it can still be achieved. For as the model here illustrated shows, a single small hand revolving below it suffices to show the exact number of minutes it is past each Standard hour everywhere in the world. Further, showing as it does simultaneously times elsewhere as well as our own, it never needs altering on ship nor air services nor on the passage from one land to another, nor even indeed on the shift to summertime, since, through summertime's observance, one simply reads the time of a place at whatever alternative meridian it elects to adopt. Perhaps the most important service of the World Clock is that it solves once for all the chaos prevailing in the recording of times at sea. All that our presentday clock can achieve on a moving ship is to show its solar time wrongly, save at the one moment daily when its increasing error compels its readjustment to the time of its changed position. It is incapable of telling the mariner the time at the port he approaches, or even the time on the ships he is passing. But by this new method, each clock would then show to each ship the exact standard time of all seaports or countries with which communication any moment might be necessary; the correct Standard time on all ships; at what instant of time any S.O.S. anywhere despatched would reach everywhere; and the exact solar time of every position at sea. Among further advan-



tages, the World Clock shows the time of the position of each aeroplane in flight (it is now in use at Mildenhall for the timing of the Air Race to Australia); the position occupied any moment by the old and new day in their spin round the world; and at what moment the first news of world events anywhere may be locally received.

Despite its fantastical sound, the proposal made by Mr. A. C. R. Carter at a recent banquet of the Knights of the Round Table Club, that Chairs of Chivalry should be instituted at our universities, was not intended to be merely a romantic celebration of the days when knights were bold. Mr. Carter believes that the present age lacks chivalry. He complains that William of Wykeham's precept that 'manners makyth man' no longer applies to the boy of today. Thus it is with the practical object of inculcating 'certain vanished standards of behaviour' that Mr. Carter would appoint his Professors of Chivalry. 'I believe', he said, 'that talking about chivalry, apart from practising it, will make men more broadminded and generous'. The conception of a university as a leader in the problems of everyday life is not one with which we would wish to quarrel, but the part that 'talking about chivalry' could play is another matter. The structure of society in the Middle Ages made chivalry not only desirable but necessary, that the weak might survive in a dangerous world, through the protection of the strong. With the changes in society brought about at the Renaissance a new conception nook its place, the ideal of the gentleman. That ideal itself has been transmuted through the centuries. Good manners and fine feeling depend so much for their definite form upon the milieu upon which they are to be thrown that only a very general inspiration towards maintaining a high standard can be drawn from the past. But that is not to belittle the wisdom of calling for Chairs to study Chivalry or other codes. There is no better approach to the past than by social and cultural studies which deserve pride of place over chronicles of political and military events. As Mr. Carter points out, the Professors of Chivalry would have the mediæval romances and the whole literature of chivalry as their field. About those pleasant pastures we are apt to stray with little concentration; mediævalism' is associated for most of us with vague dreams of a gold

The Listener's Music

Delius and 'A Mass of Life'

By FRANCIS TOYE

Delius' 'Mass of Life' is being broadcast from the B.B.C. Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall this evening. Although originally announced to be sung in German, the work will be given in English

T a recent performance of 'A Village Romeo and Juliet', Sir Thomas Beecham came before the curtain and gave us a disquisition on Frederick Delius, which, in view of their intimacy and sympathy, was exceptionally interesting. The gist of these remarks was that Delius possessed two distinct personalities; one highly complex, would-be philosophical and dogmatic; the other instinctive, almost naive in its simplicity.

It seems to me most important to remember these conflicting attributes when considering 'A Mass of Life'. It is a curious coincidence, to begin with, that Delius in this, his most important work, should have chosen as his collaborator a writer whose characteristics are by no means wholly unlike his own. Nietzsche the philosopher and Nietzsche the poet possessed personalities entirely distinct. Few people are under any illusion nowadays as to the importance of Nietzsche the philosopher-it does not exist. Nietzsche the poet, on the other hand, though he may not be fashionable, is considerably respected. In other words, we still find much to admire in the instinct and the flair of Nietzsche and little in his intellectual constructiveness. The man who gave wings to the theories of Gobineau and who was sufficiently sensitive to feel the element of impurity in Wagner's music at a time when the rest of the world was just about to decide that it was the greatest music written ever, is one for whom one cannot help entertaining real admiration.

Thirty years ago, however, when 'A Mass of Life' was compiled and written, the conditions were a little different. People were still coquetting with Nietzsche the philosopher, and Neo-Paganism had not yet been supplanted by Fascism or Neo-Catholicism as the fashionable European cult.

or Neo-Catholicism as the fashionable European cult.

There can be no doubt, I think, that Delius No. I was at least equally attracted by the subject of Nietzsche's 'Zarathustra' as was Delius No. 2. A work like the so-called 'Requiem' (a total and well-deserved failure) proves that there was a definite dogmatic bias in his personality. The very titles of this 'Requiem', or, for the matter of that, of this 'Mass of Life' are challenges—in my view rather silly and unfortunate challenges. It is quite possible that Delius No. I imagined that he was taking part in a last triumphant assault on the eschatological dogmas of the Church and that therein lay one of the principal merits of his work.

But Delius No. 2 knew better. This Delius, impressed by the striking imagery, the imaginative poetry and the sincere emotion of so much of Nietzsche's strange 'Also Sprach Zarathustra,' felt no doubt of the opportunities offered him for expressing the particular qualities of his musical endowment. He even got into the field first with 'Zarathustra's Nachtlied', subsequently incorporated in 'A Mass of Life' and indubitably one of the most beautiful movements in it; and I think it is fair to say that, in the work as a whole, the more simple emotions, such as Zarathustra's loneliness, or the comparatively direct painting of natural phenomena, such as the heat of noonday in the meadows or the tolling of a bell at midnight, remain the outstanding features.

There is much more of beauty besides; indeed, for variety and, possibly, for architectural skill, 'A Mass of Life' may not unjustly claim the pre-eminence among the works of Delius, for these eleven numbers, lasting some hour-and-a-half, constitute a real entity. For my part I have always felt the dance-lilts sung by the maidens to be rather unsatisfactory, the second in particular being on occasions written far too high for the sopranos. But then Delius is not in the habit of showing much consideration for his choruses. As a work of art, then, 'A Mass of Life', though it aims higher and is in a sense a more remarkable achievement—let anyone who doubts this last compare it with Richard Strauss' pedestrian tone-poem 'Also Sprach Zarathustra'—does not seem to me so perfect as that most lovely of all symphonic poems, 'Paris', or even, I suppose, as an exquisite miniature, such as 'A Summer Night on the River'

or 'On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring'; which, be it noted in passing, are exclusively the products of Delius No. 2.

After all, in music as in all the arts, it is quality that counts; not quantity, nor bigness, nor good intentions. A small work that possesses real quality will outlast a work that possesses one or even all of these other attributes. Indeed, we who love Delius' music believe in its great excellence on this very ground, claiming that the relationship of quantity and quality in his total output is very remarkable. That is not to say that Delius is a great master in the proper sense of the word. The handling of his material is not sure enough to justify the term. From the structural point of view his work is often imperfect, most of his compositions suffering from a certain diffuseness, sometimes from a lack of contrast. There are tiresome mannerisms at times—a weakness for a rather bumpy six-eight rhythm, for instance-and his scoring is often thick and muddy with unnecessary reduplications. It is an open secret that Beecham and other enthusiastic interpreters of his score have not scrupled to clarify them considerably, to their undoubted gain.

But these factors, though by no means negligible, are not of primary importance. The point about Delius is that he and, as I think, he almost alone among contemporary composers, with the possible exception of Sibelius, shows in his music a quality of greatness. It is not constant, it does not perhaps even largely preponderate; but it is there. No composer of the second order, however skilled, however competent, could have written the last half-a-dozen pages of 'Sea Drift' or 'The Walk to the Paradise Garden', or the entrance of the chorus in 'A Song of the High Hills', to take but three instances. And through nearly all the works there are scattered little phrases, highly individual, that reveal themselves as products of genius of the highest order.

To such heights, as I see it, composers of the second order such as Strauss, Puccini, and Elgar never attain. Not that they are not all three in their several ways admirable composers, far more competent as a rule than Delius, who have produced works that delight me and for which I have the greatest respect. But their music does not come, so to say, from the Royal Mint. Delius, though often imperfect, does. It forms a part, however limited, of the gold currency on which the lover of music can always rely in times of stress.

A lot of nonsense is talked about this or that composer being 'the greatest', the truth being that there is a whole collection of 'greatest' composers, more or less, though by no means unanimously, recognised; and that we prefer this one or that according to our temperaments and our moods. They may be a dozen or even twenty, but on the whole everybody agrees pretty well as to who they are. Some feel a special affinity with Bach, Palestrina, Beethoven, or Wagner; others (like myself) with Handel, Mozart, Schubert or Verdi. Again, in certain moods one goes to certain other composers, even those outside one's favourite category.

Now, just as one goes to Bach for inevitability and sanity, to Handel for poetry and grandeur, to Mozart for delicacy, so one goes to Delius for those dreams after which any man of imagination hankers at one time or another. I know of no composer who satisfies this need better than Delius. To me, at any rate, he seems to do so better than Debussy (a dangerous rival) because his genius is more fresh, freer from that exoticism which mars, to me, a considerable portion of Debussy's lovely music. He cannot give everything. Who can't cannot imagine myself or anyone else turning to Delius for the kind of thrill that is to be found, for instance, in the best pages of a Verdi opera, for the kind of gaiety in which Rossini excelled, for the kind of divine simplicity that is Schubert's invariably. But he gives something which is all his own—and that is as much as we have a right to expect from any artist, and more than we usually get.

Journey to Persia

The following three narratives formed part of the 'Journey to Persia' programme broadcast on October 20. Major-General Dunsterville led the last army which marched through Persia—a little column of British troops drawing a line between the frontiers of India and the Pan-German forces released by the Russian revolution. Miss Freya Stark travelled alone in 1932 through a wild and dangerous part and has published an account of her journey in 'The Valleys of the Assassins'. Sir Arnold Wilson spent some time before the War in mapping the country and wandering through its remoter districts with a view to opening up its industrial resources

With Dunsterforce from Baghdad to Baku

By Major-General L. C. DUNSTERVILLE

CAME up the Pei Tak pass for the first time in January, 1918, leading an army certainly, but it was about the smallest army, I should think, as well as the last, that came up there—forty motor-cars and fifty-four men, that was all. There was nothing at that moment between India and the Turkish armies but those fifty-four men of mine. Russia had collapsed, so

the Turks had a free way before them through Persia to Afghanistan. We had to try to stop them somehow and protect the right wing of the Mesopotamian army, that is to say, we really had to hold a line from Baghdad to Baku on the Caspian, some 600 miles—not too easy for fifty-four men!

It was raining hard when we got to the pass and the road was so steep and rough. It wasn't more than a rough track going up sometimes at a gradient of 1 in goodness knows what: the cars could only be got up by pushing and pulling and digging. Just one mile an hour was our average speed and it took us all day to get to the top, where the rain turned into a blinding snowstorm. I remember when I got to the top I found a rosy-faced Hampshire lad posted as sentry on the edge of the rock: the War provided many scenes of marvellous contrast, but I think the picture of

that young soldier takes some beating. There on the road from Persia to Babylon, the road trodden by the Medes and Persians, sat a youngster from the kindly Hampshire downs.

The following month our little army came into Kasvin. The Russians had been in occupation for a long time and the poor inhabitants, getting rid of them, did not welcome a



'Forty motors-cars and fifty-four men': on the Kasvin -Resht road, February, 1918

From 'The Adventures of Dunsterforce' by Major-General L. C. Dunsterville (Arnold)



fresh invasion. In fact they were distinctly hostile, but with true Persian courtesy they refrained from attacking us, contenting themselves with holding meetings and passing resolutions—'Destroy the invaders. Carried unanimously!'

From Kasvin we had to get down a hundred and forty miles of road to reach the Caspian Sea. This road ran through the Gilan province, where the revolutionary leader Kuchek Kham barred the way with his army of Jangalis, men from Alamut and the neighbouring valleys. He was a young Persian, a university graduate who had the idea of turning himself into a dictator. I rather sympathised with him and I wanted to meet him, and if I had, there wouldn't have been any fighting, but the Germans and Bolsheviks took good care that we didn't have a chance of meeting. Revolution was in the air and Kuchek Kham had rallied the tribes between Teron and the Caspian. Sea with his cry of 'Persia for the Persians!' No one quite knew how many troops he could muster, but in any case he commanded an almost impregnable position on the road through the jungle to the Caspian Sea. It is a magnificent 70 miles through the gorges of the Sefid Rud river, and two men could hold it against



The way into Persia through the Pei Tak pass

Photograph: Edward Yuilt

an army. However, we had to get through somehow, because our first object was to help the Armenians to defend Baku against the Turks. The Russians were passing down the road at that time, merely with a view to returning to their own country, and it was absolutely necessary for them to clear away the opposition. General Bicherakov, therefore, with his 800 men, supported by about 300 of ours, undertook to attack Kuchek's position at the Menjil bridge, halfway between Kasbin and Enzeli. On the one side of it, the rocky cliffs of the Elburz mountains rise steeply from within a few yards of the road, whilst on the other an isolated flat-topped hill commands both road and bridge—a nasty place for any army to be caught in. But the fight was not a very desperate affair, as the Jangalis soon found themselves outmatched and retired from the position.

After that we had a clear road from Baghdad to the Caspian coast, and in August we were able to ship a force at Enzeli to sail across the Caspian and defend Baku. What happened there is another story, but it may give you an insight into this curiously remote bit of the War if I tell you that I sailed the Caspian on a ship called the *President Kruger* flying the Russian Imperial flag upside down, which happened to be the flag of Serbia, because the Bolsheviks in Enzeli objected to it right side up and I equally object to their red one. So there I was, a British General on the Caspian, the only sea unploughed before by British keels, on board a ship named after a South African President, sailing from a Persian port under the Serbian flag to relieve from the Turks a body of Armenians in a revolutionary Russian town.

Through Unmapped Country

By FREYA STARK

It is an advantage to be a woman travelling alone through Persia in European clothes: such an unusual sight makes any brigand hesitate. Luristan has a great fascination for me. It is still little known, shut away behind its mountain walls. The Lurs come striding down from their highlands among the frightened peoples of the plain: in the bazaars they sit in groups apart: their wild and ancient dress, their fearless eyes, mark them out from the peasants around them. Over their shoulders is thrown a white felt coat with pointed hanging sleeves; their uncombed hair sticks out in a half-circle under the felt cap: in their hands are heavy staves weighted with metal; on their bare feet the local woollen shoe called giva, with soles made of strips of tough hide for the mountains. So they come striding down, behind caravans of small oxen almost hidden under woollen sacks woven in patterns and filled with grain or charcoal from the southern jungles. Three days to make the charcoal, four days' journey to bring it to Nihavend, earns twelve krans or 2s. 5d. When you reach the top of the mountain above the city of Nihavend and look south across the plain of Khava far below, you can see these caravans trailing towards you from an endless distance: you

can think of them doing this for thousands and thousands of years: for you have now climbed up into an ancient world. Little oases of tillage make patches below, where black tents are pitched till harvest is gathered. An empty world lies around them, treeless, covered with thorny pasture, browsed over by flocks. Here and there rises the grassy mound of some buried city: its regular shape and isolated position distinguish it from the hills and long cliff ridges that hem in the plain. Who can describe the freedom of these ranges, these plains and fertile valleys with not a house upon them? But there is always a certain amount of danger as you thread your way among the rocky boulders of the pass. As you get near the top it is a good plan to walk ahead of the guide, since you stand a much better chance than he does of starting a friendly conversation before any shooting begins.

before any shooting begins.

But though the Lurs have a dangerous reputation, and stealing is the national art, the laws of hospitality are strong if once you get across the No Man's Land that divides one tribe from the other. 'Hosh ati' ('Fair is your coming'), says the headman when you dismount. His young men spread carpets, and you step gladly into the twilight of his tent. In a shallow hole



Women and tents at Gatchkah

scooped in the hard earth of the floor, the embers are blown up: water in a copper ewer is put on to boil for tea: a young man brings a sugar cone, the greatest luxury in Luristan, and chips it with a small axe: outside, women peer at you through chinks in the reed matting of which the walls of the tent are made. They are pretty women, with slanting turbans on their heads and long curls lying on their shoulders. Their chins and

hands are tattooed in blue patterns and they wear a ring with a pearl or turquoise through one nostril. Over their long gown is a velvet coat ornamented with beads or tinsel. Their scarlet trousers, too, have beads at the ankle, with perhaps an anklet below to match the heavy silver bracelets on their wrists. They go presently to cook your dinner in their own tents: sometimes a chicken roasted over the thorn bushes, sometimes, if the colony is poor, only a little sodden bread and perhaps a mash of pumpkins. In Pusht-i-Kuh, where the mountains are steep and clothed with oak trees, people will live in a bad year on acorns baked like bread.

When your supper is over, you sit and talk by the glow of the fire. The chiefs crouch near you, the shepherds and servants farther away in a wide circle. At the edge of her own apartment, the chieftain's wife smokes a short clay pipe and listens. One side of the tent is open and a long line of black oxen with felt rugs on their backs acts as a windscreen. Our horses are there among them, chewing a miserable feed of straw out of mangers built of mud. I lie on a mattress and bolster by the fire: and as the mountains are near, and woods full of wild creatures are all around, I can see bonfires made to keep wild pig from the

crops, and hear the boys who keep watch there shouting: 'Ware pig', 'Wei khek, wei khek', the whole night through.

In the morning a guide is ready to lead us across the borders

of his tribe. He has not yet adopted the modern sort of post-man's uniform decreed for all Persia by law. His cap has a



Tent Interior, Deh Kush

turban with tassels round it: his little pony also has tassels fluttering about it, and green reins, and an embroidered saddle with silver pommel, and huge stirrups inlaid with silver, whose sharp edges protect the rider's bare feet when he turns by overhanging corners of the path. As we ride away the flocks are moving out to pasture. We are living the same life that men must have lived here before ever the first stone was laid of those cities that now lie, buried, beneath our horses' hoofs.

Kasvin, which was once the capital of Persia, is sleepy enough now, but its history has had all the excitements of an outpost town at constant war with robbers of the hills. All sorts of lost causes found refuge in Elburz, whose ridges hang above the vines and yellow roses of Kasvin in the plain. Her most famous enemies were the Assassins of Alamut, the fortified valley. For fear of their attacks, the Kadi of Kasvin could never walk abroad unarmed. The very word 'assassin' comes from them: they used to be intoxicated with the drug hashish, and were described as hashishin-smokers of hashish-to the

Crusaders, who brought the word back to Europe. They were freethinkers: their destructive missionaries travelled as far as China, South Arabia, Morocco: their power and terror spread from Persia to the Mediterranean: they alone resisted, for more than a year, the fearful invasion of the Tartars: and they still exist in India, under the peaceful headship of H.H. the Aga Khan, whom they worship. His



Camp and Chia Dozdan Mountains, behind Tarazak Photographs by the Author

actual descent from the Old Man of the Mountain, the chief of the Assassins, was proved in 1866 in the High Court of Bombay before a British judge.

It is a three days' ride from Kasvin to reach their ruined stronghold in the Alamut Valley. The time to do so is in May,

when the Persian plains are covered with flowers. Rare villages are scattered there like islands under trees. You ride through foot-hills, climbing gradually towards the ridge of Elburz. Your escort of hillmen, dressed and blue cotton jerkins with a knife at the wast and black caps like overgrown skull caps, look like figures out of a Chaucer pilgrimage as they climb the slope. The country grows lonely; no ploughland, no village, a nomad tent or two in some high pocket: flowers everywhere, but more alpine as we rise—larkspur, scabious, red and yellow tulips, pomegranate blossom in crannies of the rocks. Down from the ridge come men of Alamut; their mules carry rice from the Caspian shore. So it has been carried for at least two thousand years. The long trains on the zig-zag path have bells that tinkle pleasantly. The men's white frieze coats fasten down one side; a straight-stemmed long Kurdish pipe is in their sash; the older men have red henna-dyed beards; and they are all as friendly as can be

From the top of the pass you see at last the long valley of Alamut, with ribbons of water shining in it,

and red and black ranges rising one above the other north eastward. There is the Rock of the Assassins, like a ship in the trough of the valley, with the ruins of its fortress still upon it, though invisible at this distance. And beyond, on the skyline, higher than all, is Solomon's throne, Takht-i-Sulaiman, the third highest mountain of Persia.

Sulaiman, the third highest mountain of Persia.

Here they say King Solomon slept to gain the love of the Queen of Sheba. For she would have nothing to say to him because he was so old. But he was wise, and chose the freezing mountain summit, and there he pitched his tent and brought

Belkeis the Queen, and waited while the night grew colder: and at last she could bear to stay outside no longer, and crept in to him. But another legend has it that he chose this mountain to freeze his wives to death, one every night, because they talked too much. The northern slopes of these hills are clothed by the forests of Mazanderan and look out—a two days' ride away—to the Caspian Sea. Mist usually covers this land. The jungle hides it. In its depths are wooden villages hidden and unknown. It is an impenetrable country, still almost unexplored.

Tapping Persia's Oilfields

By SIR ARNOLD WILSON

It is less than thirty years since the discovery of what is now one of the world's greatest oilfields. In 1905 a couple of English engineers and a Scotch doctor were sent out by

developments. The hundred-and-fifty-mile pipe-line to navigable waters of the Persian Gulf; the vast refinery, the great oilfield producing 7,000,000 tons a year and providing steady

mind we have no idea, but the story was old when he wrote.

employment for some 20,000 Persians and a great fleet of tank steamers, quite apart from royalties to the Persian Government, which have made many things possible.

Today, one sees no oil about; it is all piped away without waste. There is little noise—the great rotary drills are cutting through the solid rock-4,000 feet below the soil. The oil-field is an example of industrialism in the East at its best—for all this staff are housed (and well housed) on the spot. It is a monument to cooperation between East and West, British and Persian, of which both may be proud. And, like everything else in Persia, it has a long history behind it. Close to the oilfield is a fine temple dating back two or three thousand years, and remains of great causeways and bridges that led from Shushan, the palace of the Book of Esther, where Ahasuerus held court. More remarkable still, Firdausi, the epic poet of Persia, writing 1,000 years ago, told how his hero made a great iron horse on wheels, filled it with black oil and sent it to spread terror among the elephants and to mow down the ranks of his enemies. What can have been in his



Central area of the oilfields at Masjid-i-Sulaiman, Southern Persia, showing houses built by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company for its Persian workers

William Knox d'Arcy, an Englishman, born in Devon, who had obtained a concession from the Persian Government. On a

desolate little plain among barren gypsum hills one hundred and fifty miles from the sea, they started work on a small scale, putting down a couple of wells which yielded nothing. None of them had ever worked at this sort of thing before. They had made a road and with nine hundred mules had dragged up heavy machinery from the coast. The tribes were suspicious and inclined to make trouble. In 1907 I was sent with some Indian soldiers to protect them, and to show the tribes that the British as well as the Persian Government approved of what the engineers were doing. I spent two years there in a tent-120 degrees or more in the shade in summer. No oil was found and they had almost given up hope when early in the morning of May 25, 1908, I heard shouts, and running out of my tent saw oil flowing high above the derrick.

The whole future of Persia was changed by that discovery. None of us there in 1908 could have foreseen



Naftak area of the oilfield at Masjid-i-Sulaiman



One of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's roads in Southern Persia, from Ganawah to Mishun



One of the Company's refineries at Abadan Photographs on this and the opposite rage by courtesy of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Ltd.

Causes of War

The Inadequate Blunderbuss

By SIR NORMAN ANGELL

VERYBODY wants peace and everybody drifts to war. Why? Broadly owing to the method of defence adopted by the nations; a method which does not defend, but does and must produce war. The intention on both sides may be peace, but its result must inevitably be war.

What is the essence of that method of defence? It is that each must be his own defender, dependent only on his own strength. This means that for one nation to be secure against another, it must be stronger than that other. Then what becomes of defence for that other? Is he to go without defence? Under the competitive method general defence could only be secured if each could be stronger than the other. It defies arithmetic. Security for one means automatically insecurity for another.

Problem of Parity

Recognising that dilemma, we have usually talked in the past of a 'balance' of power, as we talk usually now of parity. We talked naval parity with America. Italy talks naval parity with France. We demand parity in the air. Just as impossible as the 'each stronger than the other' method. Because you can never tell when two great states are equal in power: this nation has more ships but that has more coaling stations. How many coaling stations go to how many ships? Nobody has ever been able to say; nobody ever will be able to say. During the 1927 naval discussions with America concerning the relative value of cruisers mounting six-inch guns and cruisers mounting eight-inch guns, the American experts made this interesting discovery: in clear weather the eight-inch gun cruiser was indubitably superior because it could outrange the other, but in foggy weather the six-inch gun cruiser was more powerful because operating at closer quarters it could manœuvre more quickly. The Americans said: 'In view of your foggy weather they would have on this where fog is less frequent'. How many six-inch gun cruisers go to how much fog? The discussion could go on to the end of time, and you could never be sure when a balance between two nations had been established.

And if we could know it would not advance us. Here are two nations. The technicians, after interminable discussion, have decided that at last they are equal. And then one of them goes and makes a new alliance. That upsets the whole thing. For whether our armament is adequate or inadequate depends obviously on what it has to meet. A degree of naval armament for Britain which would be quite adequate if our enemy were, say, Finland, would be quite inadequate if it were two or three great powers. So these words 'adequate armament' are as meaningless as talking about a thing being the size of a piece of chalk, unless you can say adequate for what, adequate to meet whom. After all one is less interested in the calibre of guns than in the direction in which they are going to shoot. At us, or at the enemy?

Adequacy really depends upon who is with you and who against you; and that depends upon policy. What it is you are defending.

Defence of National Rights

Now, what are we defending? When we talk of defence is it merely of national soil—keeping foreigners off our hearthstones? As an Englishman, I am prepared to argue, until all is blue, that all the wars we ever fought were purely defensive wars, but I am obliged to take cognizance of the quite simple historical fact that in very nearly a thousand years every one of those wars, without any single exception whatsoever, has been fought in somebody else's country. Does that fact necessarily make them aggressive? It does not. But it does prove that in so far as they were defensive they were not defensive of the nation's actual territory, soil, hearth and home. What they were defending was the nation's interest, rights.

Defence as we use the word really means that we must be in a position to defend our national rights—that is to say, what we

regard as those rights. And if we are to be in a position to do that, we must be stronger than anyone likely to challenge those rights. This is axiomatic. But note where it leaves you.

Each great state says: 'It is true that perhaps we are building up our power so as to be stronger than you, but we give you our most positive assurance that the purpose of that power is purely and strictly defensive. That is to say, when we get into a dispute with you as to what your rights are and ours, when in fact the question is whether you are right or we are right, what we mean by defence is that we shall be in a position to decide that question. Could anything be fairer?'

Every Nation its Own Judge

We are putting our might not behind right, as we may sincerely enough have supposed, but behind the denial of right, the denial to the other party of that right of judgment which we claim for ourselves. Before the War we said; 'If Germany becomes much stronger, adding to the greatest military machine in the world the greatest navy, we shall be in fact defenceless; be compelled to accept her reading of what our rights are. That is a position no free people should ever accept'.

rights are. That is a position no free people should ever accept'. So far we were right. Not quite so right when we added: 'We propose, therefore, that Germany accept it'. She is not accepting it because she will not accept as final a verdict delivered by the other party to the dispute. We are genuinely convinced that our power could never be used for injustice in the world. But our power, our naval power, plus French military power, made the Treaty of Versailles. Looking at it the Germans say that that is what comes of being weaker than your rival. They are determined that next time, by secret arming or sudden air attack, or by some means, they shall be the stronger party: tear up that unjust document, and write another according to their views of justice. Will it be juster than the one we made? It will be less just. Germans are no more fit to be judges in their own cause than we are. We shall be the victims. We shall then have to upset that Treaty and make a new one, Treaty of Versailles number three. Will it be better than number one? As much worse as there will be more wrongs to avenge, still more certain therefore to provoke German resistance. And so on, da capo, until all civilisation and mercy will have disappeared. Do you really think that method of defence will work?

What is the root trouble? It is, putting it broadly, that we arm the litigants instead of arming the law. We believe that we can get defence without defending a law. Each will defend only himself. We think of defence as we think of a householder defending himself against the burglar with a poker or a shot-gun. I was asked recently to consider the political significance of the fact that in the old days every bedstead had a place for a blunderbuss wherewith to greet the bandit. I do consider the political significance of that fact, which I suggest is this: that when blunderbusses were common, householders were infinitely less secure than in fact they are now, when not one in a thousand has a firearm about the place. And that for a very obvious reason. When the community was so illorganised that each householder had to depend mainly upon his individual prowess with a blunderbuss, a bandit gang had merely to be more powerful than a single householder in order to ravage the country. Bandit gangs have been suppressed, not by the individual action of householders with blunderbusses but by the action of the whole community organising a police system by which a bandit gang has to meet the power, not of one house but of the whole community.

Co-operation in Defence

We have achieved that relative security because each is prepared to make some sacrifice for the defence of others; to co-operate in defence. The defence of the individual has become the job of the community. We pay our police rate, not merely to protect ourselves, but to protect our neighbours, even that blighter Smith next door, whom we loathe. We spend thousands on finding the murderer of a man we have never seen. If our police system did not protect others, they

would refuse to be taxed for it and it could not exist. If we were neutral in the presence of crime when others were the victims, we should be without protection when we were the

But in international politics we still believe in individual defence; fear commitment to co-operate with others in common resistance to international bandits as more dangerous than neutrality, each his own defender. Yet the one outstanding lesson of the War enforces the exactly contrary conclusion. Just think. Twenty-two nations on the allied side alone were drawn into the Great War. Most of them were not committed beforehand in any way. None of them had the commitments of the League Covenant which so disturb some of us now. But freedom from such commitments did not keep them out, 'did not keep out even isolated

But commitment would have kept them out. Had Germany known that by following a certain line she would bring twenty-two nations into the field against her, she would not have followed that line. She did not even know for a certainty a week before the War whether Britain would come in; what would bring her in, and what would keep her out; she had not the least notion that a given line of conduct would ultimately bring the vast resources of America into the field against her. The effect of American power as a deterrent was therefore completely lost. If power is to deter, the potential offender must know what conduct will bring it into the field and what won't. We must make up our minds beforehand to say what would cause us to fight, what won't.

War on the Common Enemy

What should cause us to fight? What is the law we should defend in common and which once effective will protect all? It is a very simple law, namely, the law that no nation shall go to war. If, having a dispute it refuses to arbitrate and goes to war, it is the common enemy. If the world as a whole—not everybody, but all the great states most concerned—made it their business to make a transgression of that law as hard, as difficult as possible, a policy unprofitable for any state to follow, then we should all be safer, better defended and nearer to the establishment of peace. We should not fear the power of others if they were our allies, by being the ally of that law,

of third party judgment to which we were ready to submit. That is the principle at the base of all law within the state. Power so used is not merely a restraint, it is a protection.

It is only thus that we, or anyone else, can protect ourselves: protect even our life and trade. For you can't protect your wealth or trade merely by protecting your goods, as a house-holder protects his silver spoons against burglars. Other nations don't want our goods, materials. They are busily engaged by their tariffs trying to keep them out. Wealth in the modern world is not material, it is a flow, a process. Indeed, material is only wealth if you can get rid of it. The British miner can't eat his coal. To turn it into food he must get rid of it: get rid of it to someone who has money: who can only get money by getting rid in his turn of his material. Unless that process can go on material ceases to be wealth. The Brazilian burns his coffee, the Canadian his wheat, but neither burns the coal of the British miner who goes without both the coffee and the wheat.

It is like keeping the traffic moving on the highway. You can only do that by rules, by knowing whether the other is driving to the right or left, not by everybody having a bigger motor-car than the one he is likely to collide with. Unless we can organise these rules most of our materials will cease to be wealth. We are always being told that we have not enough cruisers to protect our trade routes. But our trade is rapidly disappearing from those routes, although no foreign navy attacks it. If the dwindling process goes on there will soon be no ships on the routes but the cruisers. Yet that decline has taken place in the years when we have had victory over a

great rival. Victory obviously does not protect us.

The true protection is peace, and it is behind a law of peace that we must put our power, so long as we retain power. Our Governments fear that if they give the necessary pledges, the public will not support them. Nobody knows whether the public would or not. Shortly there is to be a great nation-wide referendum, or National Declaration, on precisely that point, organised by various bodies. If you would preserve peace in our time and for your children I would urge you to study whether the non-commitment of 1914 or the commitment of the Covenant is the better way, and then express faith in the better way by means of that National Declaration now being

The Religion of Liberty

History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century. By Benedetto Croce. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century. B

It is a comporting thing that this great meditation on 'the religion of liberty' should have been delivered as a course of lectures to an Italian audiente in 1931, and that the volume in which the lectures were afterwards printed should have quickly run into a third Italian edition. Liberty is not dead when such a prophet can speak and find a ready audience. Croce is one of the great synoptic thinkers of our time—perhaps the greatest. He is a philosopher to whom history and literature and economics are all familiar, because they are all the concrete substance of his philosophy. He is a Hegelian who believes in the free dialectic of ideas, and who, carrying his belief into the world of practice and the sphere of politics (as Hegel never succeeded in doing), draws the conclusion that the spirit and practice of liberty is a necessary condition of the life of the mind and the essential core of history. History to him is the history of mind, of the spirit; and 'since spirit is liberty', it is a history of liberty. Belief in liberty, being a belief in the spirit, is a religious belief; we may thus speak of the religion of liberty; and we may say that history is the history of that religion. It is from this point of view that Croce deals with the history of the nineteenth century. He sees a religion of liberty, which is that of his own belief: he sees it opposed by the counter-religions of Catholicism, absolutism, democracy (which is something different from liberty), and communism. He holds that his own religion, because it is based on the free dialectic of ideas, is great enough to give hearing to the relative truths of these counter-religions, and broad enough to find room for them in its wide fold. The real enemy of the religion of liberty, in his view, is none of these counter-religions: it is the sentimentalism which abnegates thought for the sake of luxurious emotion: it is the decadence of pseudo-romanticism, which we may find exemplified in 'the sombre lust of r

The history which Croce writes is solid and real history, in the technical sense of the word. He is not a philosopher who plays with history and seeks to adjust it neatly to a scheme of

bloodless categories. If he starts from philosophy, he starts from a philosophy which demands a genuine study of history (as the record of the operation of the spirit in time, and therefore the explanation of its balance and attitude in the present), and he has been at pains to fulfil the demand. He has written on the history of his own Naples; he has also written a work on historiography which deserves to be counted among the classics of the subject. His history of nineteenth-century Europe shows a real and documented knowledge of the various countries of Europe and the various fields of their activity—political, diplomatic, economic, artistic. The writer stands at a height which makes him fair to every country (his many references to England, for example, are as just as they are instructive); and he has a width of view which enables him to do justice to economic factors and economic development as well as to the spiritual factors and the dialectic of ideas which form his immediate theme. In a sense his book is what we may call an 'over-history': in his own words, it is the history of the religious and moral soul of Europe, which informs and governs and transforms its practical actions. words, it is the history of the religious and moral soul of Europe, which informs and governs and transforms its practical actions. The professional historian may perhaps think that the method is airy and idealistic; that it does not do justice to the importance of personality and the factor of contingency, or accident; that it subordinates the factor of economics too much to the play of the spirit. But Croce gives a just and suggestive view of the personality of Bismarck, and the Marxian cannot explain that he neglects (though he may say that he does not fully appreciate) the importance of class and of class-aspirations. Granted his philosophy (which is the opposite of economic determinism and of any species or form of naturalism), we may say that he faces the world of time squarely and fairly. He faces it, too, with a bold and inspiring confidence. His book calls the reader, with the voice of a trumpet, to believe that liberty is not an outmoded conception of the nineteenth century, but a religion that still moves and animates the twentieth. The eloquence and breathless speed of his style adds ardour to the belief.

ERNEST BARKER

ERNEST BARKER

Science in the Making

Is Health Natural?

By GERALD HEARD

HE fact that some people seem able to resist nearly any attack of disease has led many people to say disease is largely, if not wholly imagination—if you believe that you will get an attack you will. It has been found that if you get low or frightened then one of your ductless glands often fails to work hard enough and then the warrior cells in your blood, which are always eating up disease germs, do not get the stimulant which keeps them up to their job. So there is a direct connection between how you feel and how you are

How much our minds can control our bodies is a fascinating subject. We certainly don't know the limits of that. But the hope that some day in the future we may keep ourselves well by knowing how to train our minds to the job has sometimes made people say things about disease in the past which now can be shown to be untrue. Certainly all that we have found out lately about general resistance has seemed to some people to show disease as simply a man-made thing, a fault of civilisation. It is always pleasant to blame civilisation because if civilisation is the fault of everything it is so easy to cure. You have only to let everything slide and there you are, back at the Golden Age. Now, however, facts are coming to light which show that, whether we have made matters better or worse, we certainly did not start disease. Disease was here long before man. How do we know that? The diseased bones of animals which died out a hundred million years and more ago have been found.

Pity the Poor Dinosaur

I think we all take some interest in the giant reptiles, the dinosaurs. Their odd shapes, the fact that they were real dragons (and dragons have always attracted man), and their huge size—these features always make us ready to hear the latest news about them, and one of the latest news items about them is that these tremendous animals suffered from disease. Of course as we have hardly anything of them save bones we can only tell what bone-diseases they suffered from. But even then the sick-list up to date is an impressive one. Not only did they suffer from huge abscesses—no doubt wounds into which germs had got and bred-but it now seems proved that they suffered from arthritis. Imagine having acute rheumatism in a tail 20 feet long, imagine dragging about a body weighing ten tons and more when all your joints were creaking and groaning. They also suffered from the even worse bone disease osteomyelitis, and there even seems some evidence that they may have had one of the worst forms of cancer, sarcoma. I was also shown a huge fossil reptile tooth drilled right through with an abscess. When the size of some of their teeth is considered, toothache in such a tusk is a terrifying thought. And we certainly can't say, as is often said about our own bodily ills, that these enormous creatures brought on their diseases by being too nervy or intelligent or by indulging in wrong thoughts or brooding on their feelings. No animals should have been more splendidly healthy, if lack of brain makes for health of body. When you weigh, as the latest of these creatures which have come to light must have weighed, fifteen tons, and your brain weighs, as its brain must have weighed, one ounce—half the size of a kitten's and much less well organised—well your problems, whatever they are, are not brain problems. No, it seems clear that whether brain may or may not cure all disease, it was not brain which brought it on. Perhaps all the diseases were there already waiting for man to turn up and to tackle them, or to go under. Certainly in rocks which were formed as long ago as the oligocene period, a period which it is calculated was some eleven million years ago, there has been found fossilised the dreaded glossina, the tsetse fly, which now causes the sleeping sickness which has devastated Africa. Whether the fly then had the germs of this plague in it or no, there was the insect all ready to act as the disease carrier. You will see all about this problem of dinosaurs and disease in Dr. Swinton's delightful book, *The Dinosaurs*, which has been lately published.

Civilisation is Not to Blame

And disease hasn't ceased to attack animals living wild. The dinosaurs were not diseased because they were animals which were dying out and so were getting decadent, though towards the end of their long history they do show signs of getting very

odd, over-developed and physically crusty. For we have examples of wild animals today who are very much alive and yet who suffer from diseases which we have taken for granted belong to us because we are decadently civilised. The commonest disease of our teeth, caries, is of all diseases most often blamed on to civilisation. But now it has been shown that chimpanzees and orangoutangs when living wild with fresh air and fruit all around them, vegetarian, virtuously free of cooked foods, stimulants, tobacco, still very often have caries, And even gorillas suffer from tooth disease, though their main trouble is abscess formation in those immense eye-teeth. No, disease is showing up as a bigger problem than we have thought. But at the same time I think this picture is encouraging, not depressing—we may be going ahead into an age of health never attained before. I know many people think that is not much comfort. They are wretched, thinking of all the helpless suffering that has gone on because of disease, and so they want to make out that disease was somehow only our fault and all our fault. But that is not a right solution of this problem. Instead of our minds increasing disease and civilisation being the cause of it, it is our minds which will help to get rid of it. Let me make quite clear what this means. Some diseases have evidently always been there. Other diseases are evidently due to our new ways of being able to upset ourselves, diseases which are not so much due to civilisation as to our ignorant way of trying to be civilised, our hustle and nervous worry. Dr. Crile's book, Diseases Peculiar to Civilisation, makes a good case for supposing that much diabetes, peptic ulceration and even epilepsy may be due to gland disturbance, especially disturbance of the suprarenals—those glands of fuss and combat. Such cases of these diseases can often be cured by learning not to upset our glands. And because we now know that, we know something about curing the other diseases. This new power of ours of upsetting our glands—today we use it ignorantly, like putting a match to a barrel of powder. Tomorrow we shall use this explosive energy just as we have learnt, by controlling explosions of petrol, to run our engines. The power which damages today will energise tomorrow. That in a nutshell seems to be our new knowledge about health and disease. We civilised men and women have been given with our high-strung nervous system, a new power of drawing on the body's energies. Because we are still so uncivilised, we misuse that power too often; though we must also remember that a healthy savage put to face the rush of our life has often been found to break down very quickly. We are tougher than we know. The war proved that. It was the weedy-looking Cockney who stuck it out best. The healthy stolid farm lad broke up badly. But we shall learn how to draw on the body's energies—to blow on the flame, to heighten it, not to blow it out. Then it seems we shall not only get rid of the diseases of civilisation but of the diseases which less vital animals suffered from in the past.

Learning to Control our Power

For that seems the secret of this mysterious thing, general resistance: it is the profoundest form of vitality. And, through the scientific discoveries of the last few years, we have new forms of vitality within our reach. I can only give you the bare names of three—there are the vitamins—the latest news to hand here is that concentrated vitamin C, found chiefly in oranges and lemons, cures pyorrhæa. Then there are the secretions of the ductless glands themselves. You know the way a cretin lights up when given thyroid: so when we know more about the other secretions of these glands we may raise our vitality as much above the low standard most of us put up with, as that is above a cretin's. And, last, there is perhaps the quickest of all these ways of blowing on the sparks of our vitality and making them flame: through super and sub-light radiations. The latest news here is that with the super-light, the short-wave radiations, you can rouse the vitality of the blood and make it flow full of excited warrior cells to any weak spot in the body, however deep it may lie. You can make a beam of curative radiation focus on a spot the size of a pin's head without disturbing any of the flesh through which the radiation is passing.

With such new methods of putting vitality into ourselves it looks as though the answer to the question, Is health natural? may well be: It wasn't, but it will be.



Tympanum at Fownhope Church, Hereford (twelth century)

H.M. Stationery Office

Art

English Romanesque Sculpture

By A. W CLAPHAM

HERE is perhaps no branch of the arts in any country which so closely and so remarkably illustrates the course of political change and contemporary history as does English sculpture from its birth in the seventh century to the final extinction of Romanesque art at the close of the twelfth century. Throughout the period each of the major changes in the social order of England is reflected in a corresponding change in plastic art, which can be directly attributed to the political or ecclesiastical motive of the change itself. Thus the Conversion of England in the

seventh century introduced that Eastern Mediterranean art which found so splendid an expression in the great cross-shafts of the north of England. The Danish invasions of the eighth, and the more obscure connections with the revived art of tenthcentury Germany under the Ottos, produced the sculpture of tenth- and early eleventhcentury England, which, by reason of its diversity, is so difficult to arrange and to classify. The Norman Conquest, on the other hand, blotted out the English tradition wherever the Norman influence was paramount, and replaced it by the halfbarbarous stone-carving which alone was then practised in Normandy. twelfth century, finally, saw the gradual infiltration of ideas from Southern France, partly due to the intro-duction of French religious orders such as that of Cluny, and partly perhaps to the incorporation of England in the Angevin Empire of Henry II.

It is no part of the purpose of the present article to trace the rise of English sculpture in the seventh century. It should, however, be remembered that this fine tradition, standing aloof and alone in Western Europe, lies at the base of English art of the later periods, for neither the Danish nor the Norman invasions were able entirely to obliterate it.

The later Anglo-Saxon art which flourished under the tenthcentury kings of the West Saxon house and under the Danish

and Saxon kings of the following century, produced a number of remarkable works in sculpture which have been the subject of much controversy, both as to their date and origin. These works include the large crucifix or rood at Romsey, the flying angels at Bradford-on-Avon, the two great reliefs at Chichester, the seated Christ at Barnack and the Virgin and Child at York. Certain authorities still hesitate to place some or all of these in the age preceding the Conquest, largely on the grounds that no stone sculpture of a like quality is known to have been produced at so early a date in the neighbouring continental countries. In these countries, however, the tradition of stonesculpture was almost lost during the 'Dark Ages', its place being taken by the modelling of figures in stucco, at any rate, from the time of Charlemagne onwards. In England on the other hand,



Panel in Chichester Cathedral (early eleventh century)

Photograph: Will F. Taylo

stone-carving was in use throughout the period and the course of English art, as such, makes it difficult if not impossible to place them in a later age. The angels at Bradford, with their veiled hands, are obvious copies of a Byzantine model; the figures of the reliefs at Chichester have a vigour, almost a violence, of expression which is unrepresented in any Anglo-Norman work; the Christ at Barnack seems a copy of a stucco original and, with the rood at Romsey, retains all the sense of form which characterised the best English carving of the earlier age. Finally, the Virgin at York is a delicate and almost academic work which might well have come from a Constantinople



Barnack Church, Northants: Christ in Majesty (probably early 11th century)

Photograph: F. T. A. Power

studio were it not for the fact that it is carved in Tadcaster stone. This Byzantine influence, which appears so strongly in later Saxon sculpture, was presumably transmitted through Germany where a Greek princess was the wife of one and the regent of another of the tenth-century Emperors.

Side by side with this partly Saxon and partly Byzantine work there appears a new element in English sculpture introduced with the invading Danes. Scandinavian art did not greatly concern itself with figure-carving and its animals had a constant tendency to amalgamate themselves with the purely ornamental parts of a design. Its effect on English figure-sculpture was thus negative rather than positive and is to be traced in the general setting of such subjects as St. Michael and the



York Minster: Virgin and Child (11th century)

Photograph: William Watson

dragon on the lintel at Southwell or the tympana at Hoveringham (Notts) and Knook (Wilts). The general surface of the relief is very flat and the figures and beasts have become a part of the foliage design which covers the background of the scene. The foliage itself owes much to a local Scandinavian version of the acanthus, which flourished in the early years of the eleventh century.

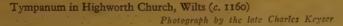
The coming of the Normans led to the rebuilding of nearly all the major churches of England in the last quarter of the eleventh century. They brought with them, however, no sculptural art, and in spite of this great opportunity the surviving buildings of the age are almost devoid of sculptured decoration. When it occurs, as in the Conqueror's chapel at



Tympanum in Bishop's Teignton Church, Devon (mid 12th century)

Photograph by the late Charles Keyser,







Ely Cathedral, W. Doorway from Cloister (c. 1170)

Photograph: Starr and Rignell, Ely

Durham Castle, it is of the crudest type and displays an entire inability to produce more than a caricature of the human form. Even in the earlier part of the twelfth century, when decoration was becoming rich and florid, this same incapacity is often apparent and the celebrated Christ on the South doorway at Ely is anatomically impossible and the little figures of the Magi at Bishop's Teignton are frankly absurd.

This does not, however, imply that after the Conquest all sculpture in the better Anglo-Saxon tradition ceased to be produced. It is only in the greater churches that this absence is markedly apparent. In numerous village-churches, where the native carvers no doubt survived, are to be found more or less excellent works which carry on the old tradition. The village carver still deals boldly and successfully with the human form, his figures are alive and active; if Samson struggles with the lion, his arms and body are not dislocated by the effort, and for a generation or two the vernacular art is well in advance of that which should have been academic.

Towards the middle of the twelfth century, in a single instance, the rise of a local school of carvers can be traced. In half a dozen churches in central Herefordshire (Shobdon, Kilpeck, Fownhope, etc.) are examples of the work of a single carver or of a group of carvers, so individual in character as to mark them off at once from the general mass of Romanesque work. The figures are not above the Norman standard, but their treatment is so purely decorative that this defect is negligible and with the aid of interlacement and other motives the general effect is at once rich and outlandish.

Later Romanesque sculpture in England, from the second quarter of the twelfth century onwards, is influenced more and more by the already flourishing schools of Burgundy and Toulouse, an influence transmitted partly by the Burgundian Monastic order of Cluny and partly by more gradual infiltration through northern France. Perhaps the earliest instances of this new movement are to be seen in the men and monsters on the carved capitals of the western crypt at Canterbury. Lying on the Channel and containing the chief of the Channel ports, Kent was always the county most open to French influence and it is not by accident that within its borders are to be found not only the earliest capitals of the southern French type, but also the only doorway in England (Rochester West doorway) displaying the great statues of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba (not Henry I and his wife) on the jambs which are copied from such portals as those of St. Denis, Chartres and Le Mans. From this point southern French ideas spread sporadically through England in the second half of the twelfth century. Their influence can be traced in the groups of apostles of the porch at Malmesbury, in the medallions of the same place and the Lady Chapel at Glastonbury, in some little-known figures at Ivychurch by Salisbury and even as far north as Durham.

This French sculpture was far more competent than anything the Normans could produce and far more sophisticated

than anything in the Anglo-Saxon tradition. It arrived, however, too late in England to do much to influence the general course of native sculpture, for by the end of the twelfth century Romanesque forms had given place to Gothic and the English sculptors had adopted other ideals and other forms of expression.

The October number of *The Highway* appears in a peacockblue cover and in nine-point Baskerville type. In this new and attractive guise there appear, among other atticles, the Archbishop of York on 'The Need for a New Culture', Sir Maurice Amos on 'Morality and Decency', and Mr. Bonamy Dobrée on 'Social Credit'. The new type enables about 2,000 more words to appear in each issue, and the enlargement and improved appearance of the journal will be welcomed by the thousands of adult working-class students whose interests it exists to serve and develop.

Poem in October

Especially when the October wind With frosty fingers punishes my hair, Caught by the crabbing sun I walk on fire And cast a shadow crab upon the land, By the sea's side, hearing the noise of birds, Hearing the raven cough in winter sticks, My busy heart who shudders as she talks Sheds the syllabic blood and drains her words.

Shut, too, in a tower of words, I mark
On the horizon walking like the trees
The wordy shapes of women, and the rows
Of the star-gestured children in the park.
Some let me make you of the vowelled beeches,
Some of the oaken voices, from the roots
Of many a thorny shire tell you notes,
Some let me make you of the water's speeches.

Behind a pot of ferns the wagging clock
Tells me the hour's word, the neural meaning
Flies on the shafted disc, declaims the morning
And tells the windy weather in the cock.
Some let me make you of the meadow's signs;
The signal grass that tells me all I know
Breaks with the wormy winter through the eye.
Some let me spell you of the raven's sins.

Especially when the October wind (Some let me make you of autumnal vowels, The spider-tongued, and the loud hill of Wales) With fist of turnips punishes the land, Some let me make you of the heartless words. The heart is drained that, spelling in the scurry Of chemic blood, warned of the coming fury. By the sea's side hear the dark-vowelled birds.

DYLAN THOMAS

Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

Democracy in the Balance

By Professor JOHN MACMURRAY

Western nations are facing is a crisis in the development of democracy. A great part of our bewilderment in the face of this crisis arises, I think, from the fact that we have forgotten, or never properly realised, what the inner significance of democracy really is. For most people, I think, democracy means a certain method of government, of which the central point is the existence of an elected representative legislature which is the final authority in all the country's affairs. The crisis in democracy arises because this democratic machinery of authority seems to be incapable of grappling with the economic problems which have come to overshadow all others. Democracy seems to have become ineffective in matters which are issues of life and death, such as the prevention of war and of unemployment. The situation which has destroyed—I believe only temporarily—democracy and freedom in so many countries in the last few years can, I think, be put in a nutshell like this: 'Democracy in politics can neither solve the problem of modern industry, nor can it keep from interfering with industry. It cannot solve the problem itself, nor will it allow the industrialists or the free play of economic forces to solve it'.

When Familiar Ways May Lead to Chaos

Now I believe that statement to be substantially true. It seems to me that the development of our industrial and financial system (which is largely international) and of our political democracy (which is essentially national) either is approaching, or in some countries has reached, a point at which they cannot go on side by side. The one tends more and more to destroy the efficiency of the other. If the situation becomes really intolerable, one or the other has to go. Either you must reconstitute your political machinery of authority in a way that will allow your industrial and financial organisation to work, or you must reconstitute your industrial system in such a way as to allow your political machinery to work. At a certain point this becomes an inevitability. Everybody, or nearly everybody, wants the economic system to go on working in the familiar way and the political system to go on working in the familiar way. But that is precisely what becomes impossible. Only what is possible can be done. When we find ourselves face to face with necessity we have to bow to necessity, or we shall be broken. In such a crisis the final responsibility must fall upon the government of the day. It is faced with the absolute necessity of either taking control of the whole financial and industrial structure, in order to reorganise it in the name of the people, or of destroying the organised forces which hinder and prevent the industrial system from taking its own course. Either method seems to be impossible if the ordinary processes of democratic government continue to function. The only alternative seems to be a dictatorship of the Right or a dictatorship of the Left. In either case democracy seems to be doomed.

So far we have escaped that situation in this country. But only an irresponsible optimist would dare to say that it is not likely to arise at a later date. To discuss the problem of Freedom and Authority in a way that is relevant to our actual situation, we have to anticipate the possibility of this crisis, and ask ourselves, 'What would we do in that position?' Should we say, 'Only the industrial and financial experts understand the economic situation properly. Give them a free hand, and set up the kind of government that will see to it that they have a free hand'. That would be the line of least resistance. It would also be the British equivalent, in my opinion, to setting up a Fascist dictatorship.

Now the one thing that we all are agreed upon is that we want to avoid a dictatorship. All of us welcome the declarations of the political parties, from the Left and from the Right, that they are opposed to setting up a dictatorship. Of course they are. No set of politicians that a democratic machinery could produce could ever wish to take such a responsibility on their shoulders. Any man who wants to be a

dictator ought to consult a psychoanalyst. But is that enough? We have to ask another, 'Suppose that a situation arises similar to those that have arisen in other countries in which it seems that a dictatorship is inevitable—how do you propose to escape from it without surrendering democracy?' So far as I can see no one has yet answered that question 'What is the alternative to autocracy in situations such as have produced autocracy all round us?'

Democracy is More than a Political Organisation

What set me talking in this fashion was the remark that most people think of democracy merely as a form of political organisation. But we are always in danger of forgetting that truth is three-dimensional. It is solid—it has depth as well as length and breadth. And unless we can dig down to deeper levels of the truth about democracy than the superficial one we have been considering, we shall find no answer at all to our problem. We must get down to the level at which we can see democracy as an effort to grapple with the problem of freedom and authority. If we go below the superficial level at which democracy is a form of political organisation, we shall find a deeper level at which democracy is the habit of settling our social disputes by discussion instead of by force. And at that level the condition of democracy is that the minority is willing to accept the decision of the majority and even to co-operate though it disagrees. That is the level at which democracy rests upon the ability and the readiness to accept a working compromise. But that is not deep enough yet. For there are points at which compromise is morally impossible, and would only result, if it were reached, in disaster.

At the deepest level democracy is the answer to a question which is as deep as life itself. It is the answer to a religious question—and I mean by that a question about the ultimate significance of human personality. To this question democracy gives the Christian answer, and all its manifestations at other levels are thus involved in Christianity itself; so that we cannot reject democracy without rejecting Christianity. It is this truth about democracy on which compromise is impossible without denying the faith by which our country has lived and to which we are committed.

Man's Inherent Right to Freedom

Right at the roots of democracy there lies, as a fundamental religious principle, that all rightful authority is limited. What limits it is the truth that freedom is the essence of humanity, that a man is a man because he is free. The right of freedom is inherent in all men because they are men. To deny freedom to a man is to deny and frustrate his manhood, because the whole significance of human nature lies in its freedom to make its own choices and to take responsibility for its decisions and its actions. This is central to Christianity, and it is absolutely true. When people say that the absolute value of the individual is essential to all Christian thought this is what they mean. But it must not be confused with individualism, which is not Christian at all. We are not talking of the individual in isolation, but in his actual interdependence upon other individuals in society. To believe in freedom is to believe in the other fellow being free. Everybody believes in being free himself.

All proper political authority is limited. Now there is arising in Europe today what is called 'the totalitarian State', that is to say, the state that claims absolute and unlimited authority over its citizens. That claim is the absolute contradiction of this first principle of democracy. The Totalitarian State is therefore the denial of democracy at its very roots. It abolishes not merely the familiar forms of democracy but its total meaning. And in doing so it abolishes the root principle of Christianity. If you accept the first principle of democracy there can be no possible compromise with the Totalitarian State. In the Totalitarian State we are faced with something which, if it triumphs, quenches the whole meaning of democracy and destroys

democracy at the roots. And we are equally faced with something that is totally incompatible with Christianity.

In its historical origins, modern democracy is rooted in the struggle for religious and moral freedom—for freedom of conscience. To assert the claim to religious freedom as the early democrats did is to assert that there is a field of human life in which political authority has no rightful standing, that at least the claim of political authority to decide a man's religion for him is monstrous. Modern democracy was never, in any real sense, a demand of the people that they should govern themselves. It was, however, beyond any question, a claim to set the limits of political authority and to confine political authority within these limits, and the claim rested and still rests upon an eternal truth about the nature of men.

This basic principle of democracy, that political authority must be a limited authority, does not settle of itself any practical questions of social policy or organisation. What it does is to determine what are the real questions which have to be settled. There are the two fundamental political questions which arise out of it. The first is the question—'What are the proper limits of political authority?' To make your first principle effective, you must go on to say what it is that the government may do and what it may not do; within what limits authority is rightful authority; in what field government has the right to govern. When you have given an answer to that question, you are faced with another. It is this. How can you, in practice, prevent a government from overstepping the proper limits of its authority? That is the point at which you arrive at last at the question of the forms of political organisation: what most people mean when they refer to democracy,

Political Forms are Not Sacrosanct

Of these two questions, the second depends upon the first. The organisation of democracy is a machinery devised to achieve the purpose of democracy. It is a means to an end, not an end in itself. The only thing that makes any form of political organisation democratic is that it effectively achieves the democratic purpose. If it does, it is democratic; if it does not, it is not democratic. What makes any form of government democratic is its efficiency in keeping authority within the limits set for it by the democratic principle, and in making authority function properly within these limits. There is nothing sacrosanct about machinery. If our political forms, owing to changed circumstances, are failing to achieve the purpose for which they were intended, then they ought to be replaced by others that will achieve it. A man may quite well want to alter our political structure because he is a democrat and thinks that it is failing to secure the purpose of democracy. And another man may want to keep our political institutions exactly as they are because he is against democracy, and thinks that, under modern conditions, they prevent the purpose of democracy from being fulfilled. The proper form of government is whatever form most effectively achieves the democratic purpose, and it follows that a form which was democratic in the twentieth. The answer to the question about the democratic organisation of a country therefore depends upon the answer to the question about the democratic purpose.

What, then, are the proper limitations of authority? In general, I answered that question last week. Authority should be confined within such limits as prevent it from being a danger to human freedom on the whole. But that doesn't take us very far, and it is certainly not possible to answer the question in detail in the time that is left. What I want to do in conclusion is to point out the main mistake made by the early democrats in answering the question 'What are the limits of political authority?'

The main mistake that they made was this: They thought that the economic field lay outside the proper scope of political authority. In fact, as we are now being forced to recognise, it lies inside it. The reason they made this mistake was primarily that they conceived freedom in a negative way, as freedom from government interference. They overlooked the fact that freedom is really positive; that it is the possession of the power to do what you want to do. Consequently they imagined that the main function of authority was negative—'to hold the ring'—to prevent interference with freedom, and nothing more. The result was that the economic structure of modern industry grew up without social control, through the freedom of private enterprise. The

negative doctrine of freedom meant for authority that it must not interfere with the economic aspect of society. In its most uncompromising form this doctrine did not last very long. It soon became apparent that political authority must interfere, at least to the extent of safeguarding the lives and health of employees in factories. Since the middle of the nineteenth century, governments have been forced by necessity to interfere more and more with freedom of private enterprise and to place restrictions, in the interests of society as a whole, upon unlimited individual freedom of action in the economic field. But the principle of free individual enterprise is still retained, and the restrictions into which we have been forced are still largely regarded as regrettable necessities.

Freedom is a Positive Thing

What the development of Europe since the War is forcing us to see is that this negative view of the function of authority is false. Freedom is a positive thing; and it is largely material. Without the means—the material means—to live a full human life, no man is free, even if nobody interferes with him. The situation of the unemployed underlines this over and over again. The conclusion emerges with the clearness of daylight. If freedom is the essence of human life, then the function of authority is to provide the maximum of freedom and to see that it is equally distributed among citizens. And since freedom is positive this means primarily that the business of authority is to see that the co-operative efforts of its citizens are so organised as to produce the maximum amount of those material things, which are the basis of freedom, and to see that these means to human freedom are distributed among the citizens in terms of their equal right to freedom.

That is my conclusion. I shall end by putting it unequivo-cally as a personal conviction. The forces of necessity are compelling public authority to assume control of the economic and financial activities of society. That is inevitable. But this vast extension of the power and function of authority may mean either a vast increase in human freedom or a vast decrease in human freedom. That is where our choice lies. And which line we choose depends on whether we remain true to the root principle of democracy, even if its accustomed forms, or some of them, have to go. We have to discard the idea of the right of individual freedom in the economic field in such a way that we retain and increase freedom in its proper field. We have to retain the principle that authority is limited and to devise a machinery that will effectively limit it, in the interests of freedom, in the new extension of its powers and functions. We have to make such changes in the customary forms of democracy as will ensure the achievement, under the new conditions, of the democratic purpose.

I have no manner of doubt in my mind that this means that we accept socialism, and accept it fully. With that choice, I am convinced, the whole future of England, of Europe, and of Christianity is bound up. When the inevitable hour of choice comes upon us, we shall either hold to the proud traditions of our love of freedom, either stand by the reality of our religion and our political and social heritage, and create a free socialist community; or we shall turn our backs on all that is worthy of worship in our past, and descend with chains about our ankles into the dim and shameful slavery of the Totalitarian State. That is my own conviction; and in stating it I do so because I think it inevitably follows from the principles I have stated. Other people may accept the principles and think that this conclusion does not follow. That is for you to discuss.

The broadening of the basis of what is known as 'adult education' by the inclusion of activities which are indirectly rather than directly instructional in their aim, is admirably described in a pamphlet on *The Auxiliaries of Adult Education* published by the British Institute of Adult Education (6d., from 39 Bedford Square). Under this title are listed short descriptions of the work of various societies for the development of civic values, for asthetic training, for the care of amenities, for the organisation of amateurs (e.g. in science), and for cultivating the religious motive in social training. A section is also devoted to the educational work and cultural influence of broadcasting. There is appended a directory of names and addresses of societies. This pamphlet fulfils such a useful purpose, and is so well written, that it should meet with a big demand in the wide circle to which it appeals.

Poverty in Plenty

Our Present Discontents

By HUGH DALTON

Dr. Dalton, who is Reader in Economics in the University of London, is the author of 'Principles of Public Finance' and The Peace of Nations

HAT is wrong with the world today? In particular, what are the greatest evils and dangers which hang over this country? I will name five. First, poverty; second, insecurity; third, inequality; fourth, lack of freedom; fifth, the fear of war. These are five black clouds overhanging our lives. I will say something about each of these five in turn. And then I will ask you to join with me in planning how we can put them to

You don't need experts from the Universities or the City of London to tell you what poverty is. The experts on poverty are the poor themselves. The man or woman who is out of work; still more than two millions of them. Or the millions more who work long hours for low wages on the land, in the mines, in the factory, in the office. The woman who has to feed and clothe a family of four or five on thirty shillings, or the old age pensioner who has to scrape along on ten shillings

a week. All these know what poverty means.

Need poverty continue in this age of scientific discovery, which has given us the aeroplane and the wireless and all the modern miracles of electricity and chemistry and mechanics? I think not. Hubert Henderson last week told you about the growth of productivity, and that it would go on growing in the future. We have it in our power to give plenty to all. But we leave this plenty ungathered; or we gather it only to heap it up for the benefit of a few; or, worst of all, we plan to prevent plenty. What mad fools we are!

Constant Fear of Unemployment

Next take insecurity. Fear of unemployment haunts every worker's home. Fear that he may lose his job, or that he may never get another. In Durham and other depressed areas thousands of men have been out of work continuously for eight years or more. Many young men have never worked for wages. Many children have never seen their fathers come home from work.

Here are a few sentences from a paper read by an unem-ployed miner from Spennymoor to a Conference at Durham last September:

The inevitable and deadly result of unemployment is apathy. It is mitigated to some extent if a man has a hobby. But some men have no hobby. And if the hobby requires money, it has to be dropped. The unemployed fall victims to that despondency which quickly replaces the holiday feeling. They have, of course, reserves of clothes. But these don't last for ever and as the clothes slowly but surely go, so do a man's general standards. Eventually the individual forms part of the general mass which lives from day to day, hoping that something will turn up. The slightest whisper of a job sends them hot-foot after it. But there is nothing so deadening as constant refusal of work.

That is how an unemployed miner sees it.

All this arises from the instability of modern capitalism. There is always some unemployment. When trade is good, there is rather less; when trade is bad, there is much more. Ups and downs, booms and slumps, trade recovery and trade depression. As things are, there seems to be no escape from this see-saw of modern capitalism. We are strapped on to it. And Hubert Henderson warned you last week that it might bump you even worse in the future.

Great Inequality is a Great Injustice

Next take inequality. Disraeli said that in England there are two nations, the nation of the poor and the nation of the rich. That is still true. In spite of the years of bad trade and reduced profits, there are still 90,000 people getting more than £2,000 a year. And every year, on an average, a dozen millionaires die, and leave their riches to people, many of whom have done nothing to entitle them to such exceptional good fortune. Last year one man died and left more than seventeen million pounds. That was a record, and a very bad record. Such things ought not to happen. They happen because we allow a handful of people to own the greater part of the wealth of the country; and to leave the greater part of their riches, when they die, to their relatives and friends. More than half the wealth of Britain today is owned by less than one-fiftieth of the population.

A few people draw much more out of the pool of national income than they put in; many people put much more into the pool than they ever draw out; some people put nothing into the pool, but draw a lot out. I agree with Robert Burns that:

It's scarcely in a body's power To keep at times from being sour To see how things are shared.

Great inequality is a great injustice. Plenty is for the few, poverty for the many.

Wealth Opens the Gates to Freedom

Next take lack of freedom. Some professors will tell you that everyone is free to spend his money as he likes, and that this is one of the beauties of the capitalist system. This is a mockery. We have no freedom to spend money we haven't got. The millionaire and the coal miner may be equally free, in theory, to drink champagne or travel round the world; their wives equally free to hire a lady's maid or to cook their husband's dinner with their own hands; their sons equally free to go up to the University or to go down the pit. In practice, wealth opens the gates to freedom and opportunity, and poverty closes them.

Last, but not least, of the black clouds that hang over us, is the fear of war. Another Great War does not bear thinking about, except that thinking may lead to action that will stop it. Otherwise it will be death for you in the flames of burning cities, or by poison gas, or by filthy plague germs dropped from the air. But some of the action that may stop this delirium of the devil is concerned with economics. For there

are economic, as well as political, causes of war.

How can all these evils and dangers be removed? Later speakers in this series of talks will propose a variety of remedies. I will lead off with some suggestions of my own.

We Must Have Planning

I am for economic and social planning, both on a national scale and internationally. In the capitalist world of today there is very little planning. And much of what there is, is planning with the wrong objects, aiming at private sectional advantage, rather than the general good. I believe that all the evils I have been describing are largely due to lack of sensible planning. Well-directed national planning is our strongest weapon both against poverty and against that instability which breeds insecurity. Such planning, to be effective, must be controlled by the community itself. It must organise the supply of plenty, and it must absorb our unemployed into useful and steady work. It must include a big bold programme of planned national development. We must build houses on a greater scale than ever before, till every family has a home of its own, worthy to be called a home. We must extend and cheapen the supply of electricity, and multiply its uses, in transport, factory, farm and home. We must develop and link up all forms of transport in a single national system. We must reorganise our coal mines and make full use of scientific knowledge for the treatment of coal and its by-products. We must deal likewise with our other fundamental industries. There is a vast amount of good work to be done in all these directions, and in many others. And we have the men to do it. But bitter experience teaches us that it will not be done, unless we plan the doing of it. Private enterprise has failed to do it. Therefore public enterprise mance of these great public enterprises,

through the control and stimulation of investment to meet our public needs. And we should plan our output of currency and credit to keep pace with our output of goods and so maintain a stable price level.

This is a little island with a lot of people in it. Therefore we must plan very carefully the use of our land. We must make National Parks. In the Lake District, in the Highlands of Scotland, in Snowdonia, on the Yorkshire Moors, round the Peak and Dovedale, on Dartmoor, on the Downs of the South Country, and along the unspoilt parts of our coastline, we must preserve large open areas as places of natural beauty and public recreation, to be national possessions for our people for ever, safe from the clutching hand of commercial developand public recreation, to be national possessions for our people for ever, safe from the clutching hand of commercial development. We must create enough of smaller open spaces and parks and playing fields, both in town and country, so that all may have easy access to them, especially the children and the young men and women. We must plan our towns and cities, now sprawling in ugly, clumsy confusion. We must plan them for health and convenience and beauty. And we must set a limit to the growth of cities which have outgrown their strength. London is much too big and many other cities are quite big enough. We must plan to disperse our population in smaller and healthier communities. National planning of transport will greatly help us here. So will a cheap and plentiful supply of electricity.

supply of electricity.

We must plan the location of industry. We must guide new industries into new towns, and into the depressed areas, which have depended too much in the past on single industries, such

as coal or cotton or shipbuilding.

We must plan our agriculture. We must aim at growing larger quantities of those foodstuffs which we can grow to the best advantage in this island. We must plan marketing, so that both producer and consumer get a fair deal. The margin between the price to the grower and the price to the housewife must be cut down to the bone. The worker on the land must have a better wage and the opportunity for a fuller life.

We must move towards social equality by closing the

We must move towards social equality by closing the avenues, often rather shady avenues, which lead today towards great fortunes. We must limit by taxation the inheritance of wealth beyond a moderate amount. We must spend freely on public health and education, which are two of the soundest forms of national investment. We must plan a true equality of opportunity for all the children growing up in this island. Never mind whether their parents are rich or poor.

From national I turn to international planning. World trade

has shrunk disastrously since 1929. It is to the interest of all of us that it should expand again. Old-fashioned Protection checks this expansion. It is the wrong kind of planning. Old-fashioned Free Trade is the negation of planning. The planned expansion of international trade is possible, and is better than either. We need the goods of other countries, and they need ours. Let us organise exchange between us. And let us buy most from those who will buy most from us.

Wickedness that Makes for War

But one form of international trade let us utterly destroy, the sale of armaments for private profit. For this is wickedness that makes for war, and pays for war scares, and keeps wars going, as in South America today. Read the disclosures before the American Senate Enquiry. They are very startling and some of our own people are involved. And arms, sold abroad today for the profit of British firms, may kill British soldiers to progress, as they did in the Great War, on the Western tomorrow, as they did in the Great War, on the Western Front and in the Dardanelles. The private manufacture of arms is wrong. Let us make an end of it.

But there are other economic causes of war to be removed. Competitive profit-seeking in the sale of arms is only one degree worse than competitive profit-seeking by way of concessions and loans in backward countries, or than cornering supplies of raw materials which all nations need. War between France and Germany all but came in 1911, over a struggle between French and German capitalists for the possession of iron ore in the Atlas Mountains in North Africa. There are many like dangers in different parts of the world today. Let us establish international control over foreign concessions and loans; and make an international plan for a fair deal in raw materials. Then the risks of future war will be much less.

My conclusion is that wise planning is the key to plenty, and to a stable prosperity in which all shall share, and to social equality. And in a prosperous society of equals there can be real freedom at last. And in planned international economics a better hope of peace.

Perhaps you will say that these things are Socialism? This is a word I have not used. But if you think it fits my plans, I shall not quarrel with you.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

Church Conflict in Germany

REPORTS OF THE STEADILY GROWING GRAVITY of the conflict between Church and State in Germany are causing the deepest possible concern throughout the Christian Churches of Great Britain. This concern is felt universally by all the Churches alike, without the slightest difference of denomination. The Christian people of this country have striven ever since the War for the full restoration of Germany to the comity of nations, and have sought to bring about the complete abandonment of the feare and recent peace that plete abandonment of the fears and resentments that arose

from that great calamity to civilisation and to mankind.

They are, therefore, all the more deeply disturbed and distressed by a conflict in which the gravest interest of the Faith, and of the freedom both of conscience and of thought, are at stake. The Church of Christ, in all its branches, stands together in support of three essential principles. The first of these is the supreme leadership of Christ as the Divine Revealer and Revelation of God, the Redeemer upon Whose spirit we base all our hopes for the future of the world. The second principle is the catholicity which rises above racial, national and caste distinctions in a spiritual fellowship that transcends all these

distinctions in a spiritual fellowship that transcends all these differences. The third principle stands for such freedom of conscience as, while it loyally and even joyfully renders unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, enables men, without restraint, to render unto God the things that are God's.

All these essential principles of historic and universal Christianity are at present being challenged or threatened by the Church conflict in Germany. To exaggerate nationhood against Christ, race against universal fellowship, the State to the subjection of the Church, means the severance of all those bonds of community and co-operation which Christians seek bonds of community and co-operation which Christians seek

to foster. It is to establish a spirit which, even if it is in any sense religious, is fundamentally anti-Christian.

Our utmost sympathy, therefore, goes out to those who are suffering deprivation of office and loss of freedom in behalf of the most sacred rights and obligations of the Christian Faith and conscience. We would fain make our voices heard before it be too late, in order to appeal to the rulers and peoples of Germany to stay their hands, and to reverse a policy which not only involves persecution and cruelty in Germany, but destroys those relations with world-Christianity which are vital to the peaceful progress of mankind.

THE REV. J. SCOTT LIDGETT

Poincaré

Poincaré was a great Frenchman and a great patriot. Born in the part of France occupied by the Germans when he was ten years old, President during the world war, the Prime ten years old, President during the world war, the Prime Minister who ordered the occupation of the Ruhr, his vehement patriotism made him deeply suspicious of Germany. I remember urging him in 1922, or 1923, to agree to the admission of that country to the League of Nations: he refused, in pursuance of the post-War policy of German isolation, for which Europe has had to pay so heavily.

He was a man of great knowledge and intellectual attainments. A contemporary of Briand, unfriendly critics used to say of them that Briand knew nothing and understood everything, and that Poincaré knew everything and understood

thing, and that Poincaré knew everything and understood nothing. That was certainly untrue, for it was his intimate understanding of his fellow-countrymen that enabled him to rescue them from their financial troubles in 1926. But it is true that his knowledge and his memory were prodigious. He



The first train to run on Moscow's new underground railway made a trial trip of one-and-a-half miles on October 15, as announced in the News Bulletin. The line, which proved to be perfect, is seven miles long; it was started at the end of 1931 and is now nearly completed

wrote out all his speeches, and by the fact of writing them out could repeat them word for word without a note. A friend of mine told me that he went with Poincaré to a great meeting, at which he spoke for more than an hour. On their way to the meeting my friend asked Poincaré about his memory, and Poincaré handed him the manuscript of the speech so that he could follow it and check it. He delivered the speech word perfect, and at the end my friend congratulated him on his feat of memory. Poincaré in reply said, 'Thank you, but did you notice on the fourth page I made a slight alteration in the text?'-so wonderfully clear was his recollection of every syllable.

Poincaré was not, perhaps, one of those men whose imagination enables him to grasp in a moment the essence of a problem and suggest a solution, but he was an admirable intellectual workman, splendidly equipped, unflinching in courage, and devoted to the task before him. His death removes almost the last of the great French statesmen of the War: Viviani, Clemenceau, Briand, Painlevé—and now, Poincaré. At a moment when France needs all her resources of firmness and courage, Poincaré can ill be spared.

VISCOUNT CECIL

Discriminating Prices

I WAS INTERESTED in the Court of Appeal's decision that the housing proposals of the Leeds Corporation were valid. Under that scheme the Corporation can charge different rents for the same sort of house—a lower rent to a poorer man with a large family than to a tenant who is better off. That set me off wondering about possibilities of such a policy of discriminating prices being generally applied. After all, doctors and other professional men sometimes charge on this principle. But could it be used more widely? Suppose there were no prices open to all comers, but, for example, that milk of the same grade was priced at 1s. a quart to rich people, 6d. a quart to people with medium-sized incomes, and 2d. a quart to poorer people. Now apply that to wireless licences. Or suppose the price varied according to the use: 2d. a quart for drinking purposes, 6d. a quart for use in puddings, and 1s. a quart for use in soufflés. That sounds unworkable, but you might obtain the effect in another way. Allow everyone one quart per day at 2d., a second quart, if required, for 6d., and the more prosperous people who wanted a third quart could pay 1s. for it, and so on. Then I remembered that this device was practised in Russia; certain classes of workers having the right to buy goods at specially low prices. It is said that this principle had been applied to such an extent that workers earning small wages were actually better off than those with bigger incomes. I wondered if this method of helping poor people is an improvement on the measures we have tried in the past. It might only give a similar result with unnecessary trouble.

J. L. Schwartz

'Snaps' by Wireless to Australia

Broadcast on October 16

IN THE DAYS OF TELEVISION and a strong girdle of cable and wireless all round the earth, phototelegraphy to Australia may sound prosaic enough. But this morning's transmission is something much more than that. It marks the setting up for the first time of a regular service of sending photographs by wireless to and from Australia, which anybody—newspaper editors, business men, engineers, architects, dress designers, or amateur photographers—may draw on alike.

In simple language, it means that anyone may now hand a photograph over the counter in an office in Moorgate, with the instructions for it to be telegraphed to Australia, and go away knowing that in a few hours an exact reproduction of that photograph will be delivered to the Australian address he has written on the form. I say 'Moorgate' because, at the moment, that is the only place where photographs can be handed in, paid for, and sent off immediately. They are charged for by size, and the rates are what is called an 'economic proposition'. That means that many of you will now be able to take your cameras and photograph your families in the garden on a Sunday afternoon, and that Aunt Jane—from whom you have expectations—will and that Aunt Jane—from whom you have expectations—will get the picture in Australia some time on Monday.

As for the future, there are various ways of applying wireless photography that one can think of. For instance, it is by no means impossible that it may find helpful uses on board ships

fitted with the proper apparatus for the benefit of ship-owners and the travelling public. One can imagine, for example, ships' captains getting prints of weather charts for the routes ahead of them, and doctors ashore getting X-ray charts of patients dangerously ill on board ships, or passengers getting illustrated news, personal letters, photographs, and so on.

J. G. DENISON-PENDER

The Greenland Expedition

THE EXPEDITION STARTED OFF BADLY: our ship to West Greenland arrived three weeks late owing to unusual ice conditions. That meant that we didn't get there until it had begun to thaw at sealevel. So, for the first three weeks, instead of travelling with the sledges gliding smoothly over snow, we had to get our heavy loads across rock and grass. And that wasn't the worst. For on the ice-cap, until we had reached a height of 4,000 ft. above sealevel, we had to force a way through swamps of wet snow-slush and through running rivers; so we were always wet to the skin and miserably cold. The ridges between the swamps were seamed with crevasses, and in them we were unlucky enough to lose five of our sledge dogs.

However; eventually we climbed high enough to be beyond the spring thaw, and were able to get going with full loads and travel fast. We now had to cross the ice-cap which rises in the middle to about 9,000 ft. above sea-level. An ice-cap crossing is dreadfully monotonous, for after the first few days the view is always the same—just snow: a desolate waste of snow, which went on and on, without any sign of life, until we reached the other side, 450 miles across. It was so dull that even the dogs began to lose interest, and we found that the only way we could get the leading team to pull ahead was to abandon one of our three sledges, so that one man was free to ski on ahead of the party. Working sixteen hours a day, we crossed the ice-cap in five weeks. That brought us to the northern end of 350 miles of unknown mountain country, and then we had to travel along this, mapping as much detail as was possible in the time our everdiminishing food supplies allowed us.

I was rather worried at this time as we still had 600 miles to go, and we seemed to be getting extraordinarily exhausted. One

would crawl into one's sleeping-bag worn out, to wake up just as tired and wondering how on earth one was going to get through the day. However, we got a blizzard which raged for three days and three nights, and that kept us to the tent and gave us a rest.

A little later I did a very silly thing in leaving a Primus burning inside the tent while we worked outside. We had rolled up the sleeping-bags and pushed them well back against the side of the tent. But the heat must have expanded the down, for one of the bags caught fire, and the tent was as

nearly as anything burnt down; the whole of the inside was badly scorched, and the varnish blistered on the tent-poles. As it was a muggy day all our warm clothes were inside, and we were 450 miles from the nearest mouthful, so if we had lost our tent we could never have got through.

Slowly we made our way southward, mapping and photographing the mountains and collecting geological specimens where possible. The day's run would vary from twenty-seven miles in fine weather to as little as ten or twelve in bad. Eventually, after sledging almost 1,200 miles in all, we reached a food depot on the coast. We arrived, after 103 days'sledging, with two and a half days' food in hand. At the end of the journey we gave our gallant dogs all the food we could find. It is impossible to speak too well of these dogs: like my two companions, Andrew Croft and Arthur Godfrey, they were always absolutely magnificent.

On the coast we were met by Eskimos who rowed us to the little outpost at Angmagssalik. From there we were brought to Aberdeen in a fishing-ship, the Jacinth. Although forbidden to come to Greenland, and although the pack ice—big humps several years old and correspondingly thick, making navigation difficult—had already arrived down from the North, Tom Watson, the skipper of the Jacinth, got in and brought us away. If he had arrived half-a-day later, we should have been there for another twelve months.

MARTIN LINDSAY

Fleets of the Nations

There are, of course, two aspects of the sea problem—the political and the purely naval. I won't refer to the political question of 'ratios', but only to the technical issues, and difficulties, as they have already emerged. There is the vexed question of the future size of battleships, upon which a marked difference of opinion exists. America demands the retention of very big ships and very heavy guns; France has actually under construction the *Dunkerque* of 26,500 tons, with a sister ship to follow; Italy says she is going to build two 35,000-ton ships, the equivalent of H.M. ships *Nelson* and *Rodney*; the British Admiralty advocates, on the other hand, a reduction in future

tonnage, mentioning 22,500 tons; Germany has in commission battleships of 10,000 tons, mounting six 11-in guns. So agreement on 'yard-stick' tonnage and calibre of guns will be difficult, especially as several nations are already committed to new ships of very different dimensions.

And what of submarines? Great Britain and Japan are prepared to abolish them provided, in the case of Japan, aircraft carriers are also abolished. France, who will soon have over 100 such vessels, disagrees on the ground that they are essential for the de-







With the Greenland Expedition. (Above) sledging across the ice-cap, with a man ahead to encourage the dogs; (left) one of the camps; and (right) pushing through the ice to reach the boat on the last day possible this year

fence of her extensive coast-line. Italy, I think, holds the same view. Here, then, is another dilemma.

The question, however, which concerns English folk most closely is the hotly debated matter of cruisers. This, of course, is the crux of the Naval problem for all British people, because it is upon an adequate number of such vessels that the nation's food and oil supplies must absolutely depend in circumstances which we hope, but cannot guarantee, will never arise. Without those oil supplies, remember, the Navy cannot move a propellor, the mechanised Army can't operate, and all but a squadron or two of aeroplanes couldn't fly.



Photographs: Wightman, Newcastle

What we call 'Convoy' is self-defence, and the ability to use it only a reasonable precaution. By that, I mean the principle of escorting merchantmen by one or more ships. Those who are old enough will remember the result of the German submarine campaign, in which, in a British submarine, I was myself engaged. We learnt that if food ships are sailed in groups, with adequate escort vessels to guard them, we can safeguard our necessities by Convoy. This is true in the case of attack by cruisers or submarines. So our chief Naval need is enough moderate-sized cruisers. Convoy, in short, should be our cruiser criterion.

That, very shortly, is the position; and those are all our various claims. How can we hope to reach international harmony on the future strength of Navies? Well, the means by which this coming Conference may achieve it is by a change in future limitation, from

a change in future limitation, from limitation on individual ship tonnages to a system of total tonnage limitation. And within that limit each nation will once again be free to build whatever type it considers best suited to its needs. Under such a system nations with a taste for mastodons can only gratify it at the expense of numbers, and by putting their eggs in a few baskets. France and Italy, with their Latin logic, have always advocated this. On such a new basis, technical arguments about size, guns, speed and particular types of ships would disappear. The Conference would then be free to settle the political question of the future tonnage ratios of the fleets of the nations.

CAPT. BERNARD ACWORTH

Slums in Jarrow

It is now again possible that people living in one of the slum districts of Jarrow will be transferred at once to a new building estate, in spite of the decision of the Appeal Court to the contrary. The Minister of Health had ordered that Jarrow Town Council should demolish a slum area containing four streets. This order, when brought before the appeal court, was quashed. Owners of the property complained that proper notice had not been given, before the Minister sent representatives to see the houses. Thus, the Jarrow authorities cannot re-house these slum dwellers without losing the Government subsidy. Sir John Jarvis—the High Sheriff of Surrey, who has proposed that his county should adopt Jarrow—has now telegraphed the Mayor of Jarrow advising him to arrange for the transfer of the people without an hour's delay. He adds that he himself, or his Fund, will accept full responsibility for any loss to the Jarrow Corporation. Sir John says about 500 people are living

accept full responsibility for any loss to the Jarrow Corporation. Sir John says about 500 people are living in hovels in conditions which are too terrible for words. On an estate nearby, there are a hundred cottages, each with its own garden and bathroom, waiting to re-house the people at no higher rent than they are now paying.

Pointers to French Opinion

Broadcast from Paris on October 15

YESTERDAY'S COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS in France were not very conclusive, but they serve to show that the drift of opinion is towards those opposite extremes —Nationalism and Communism. It was the Centre parties who suffered most defeats, for this country—like almost every other country—seems just now inclined to follow 'ists' and 'isms' as panaceas for all its ills. It is Nationalism, and Socialism, and Communism which are drawing votes, and masculine nouns that

end in 'y', like 'humanity', and 'loyalty', and 'honesty', are temporarily without much appeal.

PERCY PHILIP

'Wigs by Clarkson'

'Wigs by Clarkson' are three words which the printers of theatre programmes must have kept permanently set up in type. The most illustrious heads entrusted themselves to Clarkson, who was the autocrat of the theatrical dressing-table. His acquaintance with history may, or may not, have been sound, but I doubt if you could fault him on a matter of how historical personages in the theatre should look. There is a well-known story of Beerbohm Tree asking Willie after the first night of 'Nero' what he thought of the performance. And Willie said, 'Splendid; not a join'—meaning that every wig in the enormous cast had been properly adjusted. He was wrapped up in his work, which is the first and last test of any craftsman. — An OLD FRIEND





In the condemned area of Jarrow

Above: While our photographer was about to take a picture in this room on Thursday last, the ceiling fell in and the tenant had a narrow escape.

Centre: This couple have six children in one room which is swarming with beetles. Below: An old public-house now converted into a dwelling—the cellar is full of rats

The Way to God

Man, the Great Paradox

By the Rev. J. S. WHALE

The Rev. J. S. Whale is President of Cheshunt College, Cambridge

THAT is Man?' is the question of the ages. Ever since man began trying to make sense of the universe he has had to ask this question about What is the meaning of human life? Whence are we and whither do we go? Is it credible that we are no different from the beasts that perish (assuming that they do perish)?

The answers have been many and various, of course, as the literature of the whole race bears witness. Let me glance at three or four which may fairly be regarded as typical. There is Scepticism, which would cut the ground from under our feet right at the start. 'Your question is a vain one', says the thoroughgoing sceptic, 'for no answer to it is possible'. It is useless to seek any solution to the Riddle of the Universe,

the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth

That is, it is no use to look for meaning in human life, because there is none.

The Perfect Robot?

In the second place there is Materialism in its many forms, philosophy which practically comes to this, that man, like the beasts, is only an elaborate machine. His adventures in the world of spirit as thinker or artist, hero or sinner, are really a pathetic illusion. His conviction that he does not live by bread alone; his deep sense that he belongs to Eternity as well as to time—this is meaningless superstition, sentimentality fostered and exploited by idealists and religious people, but having no basis in hard fact. Man is really the perfect Robot. And if he ventures to ask whether Robots could have built Lincoln Cathedral, written Shakespeare's 'Tempest' or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and seen what Dante saw upon the face of Beatrice Portinari, a beauty lovelier than all the beauty of the world, the answer of the thoroughgoing materialist is that this talk about the spirit of man is all fond imagining. The latest form of this incredible philosophy is called Behaviourism, but the mordant pun of an older German philosopher best sums it up—Man ist was er isst—Man is what he eats. Explaining a potato and explaining a man are essentially the same thing. Then what is man better than sheep or goats? Ultimately nothing at all.

A third answer, often vague and taking widely different forms, is best summed up as Humanism, belief in man as man and in his self-sufficiency. He is neither machine nor animal nor child of God, but an end in himself, his own raison d'être. Scientific materialism here yields place to scientific humanism. Salvation, if the word has any meaning, is something which man himself must achieve and earn. As my second talk, on 'Man's Need of God', is largely concerned with this view, I do no more than mention it here.

In the fourth place there is another great class of answers, the religious. We have all stood alone under the silent night, gazed into the vast depths of starry space, and asked ourselves What is Man?':

What is Mair:

When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? . . . Yet Thou hast made him a little less than divine, Thou hast crowned him with majesty and honour, giving him sway over the work of Thy hands.

Here is the answer of faith in God when deep calls to deep in the human heart. Not that such an answer is ever invariably to the state of t

easy. Often enough the religious man's faith is utterly baffled by brute facts and he has to stake life itself upon it. But in this faith, as holy and humble men of heart have testified through the ages, man passes beyond perplexities, beyond all the irremediable wrongness of things, beyond time, doubt and decay, to the vision of God:

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon carth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.

Here then is the fourth type of philosophy set out in sub-lime speech; the answer of Religion to the question 'What is Man?' How are we going to answer?

Man Stands Above 'Nature'

I want to try to make three main points in this talk, the first being this: a human life is a spiritual fact for which purely 'natural' explanations are quite inadequate. If there is one fact which is written large on the inner life of us all and which is not just peculiar to a few freaks, it is that man is neither a machine nor a mere animal. Man is a spiritual being. He is animal, of course, and a part of what we call nature, but at the same time he stands above nature.

It is the twofold truth that man is not only a material body but also a spiritual self, which we have to keep in mind if we are to understand all the strange mix-up of our life, its agonising tensions and all those contradictions in us which make man the greatest of paradoxes. Let me look at these two sides of the matter in turn.

In a true sense you and I are animals. Our bodies have evolved like those of other animals. We can no more disclaim physical antecedents and environment than can the lowest living organism. Our life is rooted in the physical and partly determined by it, and if the basest thought concerning a man is that he has no spiritual nature, the most foolish misunder-standing of him possible is that he has or should have no animal nature. We can't get away from our bodies or belittle them. Human life knows nothing at all of disembodied spirit.

A man may be a genius—but hunger is real; he eats or dies. 'Very well then', says somebody, 'is my failure my fault?' The success or failure of the seed depends largely on the soil in which it is set, and my own setting has never given me a chance. It has been against me all along'. Most people will feel that easy talk about the spirit of man rising triumphant over circumstances will not be a complete answer to this widespread and sincere complaint. The complaint may degenerate into dangerous self-pity, of course, but it has truth in it. The physical setting of our life does count. Medicine is now telling us of the great part which the glandular secretions of the body play in our emotional and moral life. And our own observation tells us that environment helps or hinders; it may go a long way towards making or marring even a genius. To quote Professor A. E. Taylor: 'It may be a sentimental exaggeration to fancy that a common village churchyard holds a group of "mute inglorious Miltons". A Milton is not likely to go through the world "mute" in any case. But it is at least true that if Milton had been condemned by circumstances to be all his life the thatcher and hedger of a country village, he would hardly have uttered himself in "Paradise Lost" or "Samson". And I would add that people who are denied rest, proper food, baths, fresh air, refreshing sleep and privacy, because we complacently condemn them to live in the damp, tumbling, foul-smelling houses of our hideous and filthy slums, suffer in character, as well as in body. Is it their fault? Is it astonishing if the spirit of a bright girl newly married and full of hope is broken in such an environment, where two or three families are herded together and the whole cycle of life from birth to death has to go on in one room? Who is to blame her if she goes to the Devil?

But when all this is said a deeper truth remains. Man stands above nature. The self that is so mysteriously enshrined in the material body and so powerfully affected by physical environment is nevertheless spiritual, creative and free. Great triumphs of the human spirit take place even in the slums. You and I are more than the meeting-place of external forces, more than complicated machines. The old determinism is now discredited by science itself, and anyhow it could never and can never explain a being who thinks, has a conscience and prays. When Keats left the breakfast table at Hampstead one morning, went into the garden and wrote the 'Ode to the Nightingale' on odd scraps of paper, is it credible that his poem was the product of physico-chemical change? Is it

credible that a prayer or Bach's Mass in B minor, the depravity of Nero or the heroism of Captain Oates are merely the result of neural and glandular processes in these men's bodies? Such an astonishing theory would not explain the mind of the theorist which produced it. If we are only marvellous Robots, all our efforts, expectations and ideals are an illusion; and history—for which we did think we had some responsibility just ceases to be.

Biology Cannot Account for Morality

And the argument goes further. Not only is a man more than a marvellously complicated mechanism; he is more than an animal. If physics cannot explain his mind, biology cannot account for his morality. We are more than animals, for the simple reason that we do what animals never do. For example, the very fact that we can reflect means that we can reflect on our past. Our past will not let us alone; memory plagues us, whereas the past of an animal, even of an animal so domesticated as a dog, is soon dead and buried. Which of us has ever succeeded in really burying his past? Can we be sure that self-reproach over something we once did, and which we have ever since tried to forget, will not haunt us to the

very end?

In what is perhaps the best-known chapter of the Bible, the fifteenth of St. Luke, there are three immortal stories, about a lost thing (a coin), a lost animal (a sheep), and a lost person (a boy). And clearly the third story is different from the other two because it raises problems they cannot raise. There is no real analogy between losing a sheep and losing a son, between a lost bank-note and a lost boy. The first story could never have had an epilogue in which now one and now another of the ninety-and-nine sheep made a speech saying 'Lo, these many years do I serve Thee, neither transgressed I at any time Thy commandment'. It is only in fairy-tales and fables that sheep or coins make speeches or complain and argue like human beings. But in the tale of the Prodigal you are dealing with men, two young men both lost. When a coin is lost it just rolls under the kitchen dresser; when a sheep strays it strays and dies; but when a man strays he sins and he knows it; when he goes out of the way he goes wrong. He does what coins and sheep cannot do, and so raises problems which they can never raise; that is, moral problems. The prodigal who lives with the swine but is capable of saying, 'I have sinned against Heaven and am no more worthy', cannot be explained as a thing or an animal. The swine just grunt and go on wallowing. A man who has come to himself condemns himself, and his sense of guilt is lasting.

The Tension Within

Given this two-fold truth about us all, that we are at once part of the physical order and yet above it, what is the result? Isn't it a matter of common experience that the result is grievous tension and division within us? Man has been called the greatest of paradoxes because he is so strange and bewildering a mixture. Capable of rising to great heights of goodness, nobility, self-sacrifice, he can also sink to dreadful depths of greed, depravity and malice. These opposites can be found even in the same man or woman. The best and worst in human nature-nobility and meanness, sainthood and sin-spring alike from the freedom which constitutes personality. Man is the greatest of paradoxes, knowing the depths and the heights as animals never can.

Let me illustrate this with something which a famous Master of Balliol, Benjamin Jowett, once wrote in his diary: 'Nothing makes me more conscious of poverty and shallowness of character than difficulty in prayer or attending to prayer. Any thoughts about self, thoughts of evil, day dreams, love fancies, easily find an abode in the mind. But the thought of God and of right and truth will not stay there, except with a very few persons. I fail to understand my own nature in this particular. There is nothing which at a distance I seem to desire more than knowledge of God, the Ideal, the Universal. And yet for two minutes I cannot keep my mind upon them. But I read a great work of fiction and can hardly take my mind from it. If I had any real love of God, would not my mind dwell upon Him?

There is no one who cannot enter very closely into that experience of tension, that sense of being like a rudderless boat at the mercy of all the gusts of circumstance and impulse. But will you notice that it is also a guilty sense? The para-

doxical fact is that we blame ourselves for being thus blown hither and thither; we can't help feeling that we are respon-sible. I have read somewhere that Raphael used to wear a candle in his pasteboard cap so that while he was painting those great pictures on the walls of the chapel, his own shadow should not fall upon his work. Well, honest and awakened people, and not just the few who might be called morbidly introspective, know that the best things we do are spoiled by our own shadow. The tragic conflict in human life between what a man would be and what he verily is; between bravery and fears of all kinds; between honesty and all the sorry subterfuges and pretences of which he knows himself guilty; between the purity he approves of and desires and the secret lust within—all this is not something exceptional, but typical. Gibbon's dry epigram on the Knights Templar during the Crusades, 'They neglected to live, but were prepared to die, in the service of Christ'—is at once a tribute to the best and an exposure of the worst in all of us

My third point will form a link with the next talk on Man's Need of God. I want to argue that this tension in human nature is heightened and made even more of an agony in the soul, by

two facts—the fact of God and the fact of Death.

I have been arguing that man is the greatest of paradoxes, now soaring, now plunging to the depths; now in helpless bondage to passion, lust or fear, now obeying the self-imposed commands of duty and renunciation. But are they merely self-imposed? I cannot think so. The tension in my life is more than a tragic inward conflict between my higher and lower self, between what I would like to be and what I am in fact. I know that it is rather a conflict I am waging against God. The imperative of conscience which plagues and tortures a man or woman burdened with secret failure or sin cannot be adequately explained in any other way. A theory about man's moral nature which doesn't put the idea of God at the centre leaves you with a theory about guilt which will not square with man's actual moral experience.

Seeking Release from the Sense of Guilt

Here is a youth of character and talent, burdened with some secret vice. There are doctors and psychologists to whom he can go with his unconfessed agony and remorse, who will tell him that he can be cured but that he musn't take his trouble too tragically. 'We know where your conscience and remorse in this matter come from', they will tell him. 'From society which thus protects itself from the violation of the taboos necessary to its welfare. Your sense of guilt in the sight of God is only society's way of being emphatic about this weakness on your part'. Will that really bring to such a man release from his sense of guilt? To deliver a patient from slavery to vice by belittling the witness of conscience and thus making light of his real problem, is to treat him as a being less than man; the diagnosis and cure are on the natural level, whereas the problem is on the moral and supernatural level; it has to do with God and Eternity. If a human life is a spiritual fact for which purely natural explanations fail, the only reasonable and convincing interpretation of the voice of conscience is one that brings the living God into it. As I look at my life I know that I have done more than break my own good resolutions. I have offended against holy laws. I am guilty of treason. Only one confession will meet my case, 'I have sinned against Heaven'. And plainly enough, if this be true, only the divine forgiveness and grace will meet my case. My need of God comes out most vividly just where my sense of alienation from Him is most acute. There is the first fact, by which the tension is seen for what it really is, the fact of God.

But there is a second fact. This tension, seen for what it really is, is never so urgent and truly awful as in the last tremendous crisis of Death. We all have to die. And human death cannot be dismissed as a mere physical event, a purely biological fact, the mere dissolution of the body, unless men and women are explicable on the purely physical level; and we know they are not. It is because we are spiritual beings who belong to Eternity, that death is the last tremendous crisis, inevitable, inexorable, unrehearsable, unanalysable, universal in its challenge. The life-long drama of the soul comes to its climax here. Let me end with the cry of human need from Romans VII, which is the spiritual autobiography of us all: 'Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the clutch of this dead body? I thank God, through Jesus Christ

our Lord'.

Speeches that Never Happened

The Anatomy of Modern Art

A lecture given to the Wimblework Sketch Club by Professor Madder Brown

By ROBERT HARTMAN

OMEONE once said in a language long since dead that art is long and life is short—ars longa vita breva est. The words have been preserved in print and paint and stone, and even in fret-saw and poker-work. They appear on public buildings, and on art schools and calendars, in illuminated addresses and beneath armorial bearings. They

form the Latin tag that no one can forget. And yet it was not until the last fifty years that the meaning of these words was fully understood or appreciated.

If art is so long and life is so short, it follows that the artist will never have sufficient time in which to master his subject. Through no fault of his own he is foredoomed to failure, sentenced at the outset to a lifelong apprenticeship. Obviously, then, the artist who intends to succeed must have nothing to do with art. There can be no argument about it.

The question then arises as to how an artist, faced with such difficulties, is to win success; and before we can answer this question we must enquire into the nature of success. It won't take us long. An undiscovered masterpiece does not to all intents and purposes exist. What is never seen is never known, and so long as it continues in that state it might just as well never have been. The undiscovered masterpiece must first be discovered before it can be called a masterpiece. In other words, the initial step towards success is a step into

the limelight, and the artist's first concern should be to draw attention to himself.

In a country where all men dress alike, brush their hair and shave every morning, conspicuous individuality is easily achieved. One has but to grow a beard, to wear a corduroy shirt and a vermilion tie, and to appear all the year round in a shabby suit of the thickest and most flamboyant tweed to become famous. The artist should take care, however, to become famous as an artist and not merely as an eccentric, and it is by their hats that artists are known. Artists' hats allow of no latitude, they must conform to convention, and should be broad, black, and begrimed. A few paint stains and remnants of food on the brim will give a pleasing Bohemian effect. If suitably attired anyone should be able to win a reputation for being a painter after six months of public perambulating.

Having won his reputation, the artist will sooner or later be faced with the problem of producing good pictures. If approached in the right way this task should present no difficulties. A good picture is one which attracts attention and refutes adverse criticism. That is all there is to it, and it will not take us long to see how both these goals may be won. The general public, which is not to be distinguished from connoisseurs and critics, is sheep-like in its willingness to stare by the hour at anything which is unfamiliar and puzzling; and as most things have a meaning and a reason it follows that anything which appears to lack both will be strange and perplexing. In

other words, the public eye is most readily caught by the ridiculous. We are far more likely to stare at a man standing on his head than at a man standing on his feet.

This unassailable truth was thoroughly appreciated and exploited by most of the modern masters. Cézanne, for instance, applied it to the painting of green apples. Having arranged his now world-famous still-life group of green apples on a white plate, he observed—as he was optically normal we may take it that he observed—that the plane of the plate and the plane of the table-top were. as near as might be parallel, and that the green apples were undeniably and incon-testably round. Nothing could have been more obvious, commonplace and dull. Cézanne realised this and when he painted the group he had both eyes on the public. The plate was made to lean one way and the table another, and the green apples appeared as straight-cut cubes. The finished picture was a flat contradiction of nature and natural laws, and as such it inevitably caught the public eye.



Drawn for THE LISTENER by Thomas Derrick

Seurat, another master, awoke one day to the fact that a picture had never been painted wholly in dots. The idea was, so to speak, notoriety for jam, and he set to work winning fame by covering canvasses with a kind of rash. The public was tickled to death.

Yet another master, van Gogh, made the original discovery that hitherto artists had always painted subjects which, for one reason or another, were worth while. Accordingly, he decided to paint something that was not worth while from any point of view, and he produced a very careless picture of an excessively ordinary chair precariously standing on one leg on a floor inclined at an angle of three in one. Nothing had ever been seen like it before, and the success of this picture was never for a moment doubted by students of human psychology.

These three examples should suffice to show that the unexpected and the ridiculous is certain to be the focus of attention. But where pictures are concerned that is not enough. A masterpiece must not only compel attention, but it must also expound a theory. Shakespeare's sonnets, to make a comparison, not only express the thoughts of a poet but they demonstrated the state of the

strate that the Shakespearean sonnet is an agreeable verseform. A picture must prove that the methods or the reasonings of the artist are sound. Excuses or reasons had, therefore, to be found to explain the necessity for the square apples, the dots, and the solitary chair; and it was in the forming of these reasons that the pictures stood to win or lose.

The square apples were explained by the phrase 'significant form', which was more than enough to satisfy most people. In fact it delighted them. It gave them a conversational status in art circles. But for the more enquiring, 'significant form' had to be explained at greater length. To meet this demand it was argued that the two most striking things about an apple are, firstly, that it is solid and, secondly, that it is round, and that if an artist chose to concentrate on one aspect of the apple he could legitimately ignore the other. Square apples, then, were held to be a rendering of the solidity of apples, and if anyone asked why the apples had not been painted to look round as well as solid he was told that shape did not interest Cézanne. The argument left out of account the fact that hundreds of people have been able to paint round green apples which looked just as solid as Cézanne's square ones. But that did not detract from the happiness of the phrase 'significant form', and so the picture became a masterpiece

Seurat's dots were harder to explain. There was the awkward fact that when viewed from the correct distance the dots disappeared and the pictures looked as though they had been painted in flat colours. One might, therefore, well ask what apart from publicity was the object of the dots? Why produce a green by placing blue and yellow dots side by side when it was much simpler to paint directly in green?

Seurat countered these questions by inventing the term 'pointillisme'. No one, least of all the critics who are always hard up for something new to say, could resist that word. It acted like a charm. In fact it turned a mass of dots into a row of masterpieces, and Seurat's fame was assured for all time.

Of the three artists I have mentioned the third, van Gogh, was the most ingenious of all. He had to produce a theory to support his picture of a chair, and he produced a winner. Chairs, he maintained, have as much character as anything else, as much character as Cabinet Ministers, company directors, and lord mayors, and are as worthy to have their portraits painted. The ingenuity of this theory lay in the fact that chairs undoubtedly possess a certain amount of character, although insufficient to make a picture of. To this objection van Gogh would reply that only a man with the soul of an artist could fully appreciate a chair's character, that only a genius could make a picture of it, and that he had succeeded in both directions. Which, of course, was unanswerable. And so van Gogh took his place among the masters.

These three examples will, I hope, serve to show broadly the lines along which a modern masterpiece is created and established. Briefly, there are three stages—publicity, absurdity, and a supporting theory.

But since the days of Cézanne, Seurat and van Gogh the world has progressed. It moves faster than it used. Which means that people are bored more quickly. Whereas one style and one theory or phrase would serve an artist for a lifetime, today they will barely see him through the year. This demands considerably more thought on the part of the artist, who, being but human, is bound, sooner or later, to reach exhaustion point. The more theories he produces the harder will he find it to think of fresh ones. In fact this search for new theories became so difficult that modern art looked like coming to a standstill, or worse, to a backsliding, as no doubt would have been the case had not a new school of abstract painting come to the rescue. This new school produced pictures which were composed of meaningless and haphazard shapes and which represented physical and mental states such as selfishness, pain, boredom, disappointment, coming to from an anæsthetic, etc., etc.

The idea was positively van Goghish in its cleverness. Not only did it open a new field of artistic exploration but it defied

criticism. As no one had or has ever seen a feeling no one could say that the graphic representations of them produced by the new school were incorrect and out of drawing. It was as good as betting on a certainty, and for a time the abstractionists basked in the warm glow of achievement and success. But the success was short-lived. The abstractionists soon ran out of physical and mental states, and the public grew weary of those it had seen.

Oblivion stared the new school in the face, and it was not until one of the brotherhood, more imaginative than the rest. invented a new theory for the same style of picture that the school took a fresh lease of life. A picture, it was now maintained, should appeal solely to the eye and not to the intelligence. If a picture demanded of the brain even such light work as the recognising of simple objects, the eye would be deprived of the pleasure to be obtained from merely looking, it would be distracted by the working of the brain.

The new theory placed the centre of emotion in the eye, which, after all, is no more absurd than placing it in the heart or the stomach. As a result of this theory abstract paintings became simpler in construction—a circle and a couple of straight lines being considered sufficient pattern for several compositions. At first the critics were at a loss how to criticise this new pictorial venture, but the artists themselves speedily showed the way. Grouped round their own works they gazed in apparent ecstasy and murmured soulfully 'Utterly satisfying'. If a remark is repeated often enough it is accepted as true—a maxim which is the basis of all national advertisingand in the end the neo-abstractionists gained their point. 'Utterly satisfying' became the standard, the accepted opinion of any picture painted on purely negative lines.

How long this state of affairs will last is a matter of conjecture. The neo-abstractionists have had a long innings as things go, and the time is ripe for a fresh advance. Already there are signs of the awakening of new endeavour. A small group of Westminster artists calling themselves the post-neo-abstractionist-allegoricals are doing work which is forcing its way to the front. Only yesterday I attended the private view of a large canvas called 'Mother and Daughter'. It was a remarkable picture. The background, which was still wet, was composed of dabs of differently coloured paints, and to the centre of the canvas were glued two slices of brown bread, a large slice and a smaller one. The artist, a bearded boy of eighteen, explained to his guests that bread being the staff of life and the mother being the mainstay of the family he had chosen bread as the medium in which to portray the mother. The smaller slice of bread, which represented the daughter, revealed her likeness to her mother and the difference in size between the two figures. The kaleidoscopic background represented the vicissitudes of life. The picture was purchased by one of those West End art dealers who claim to have left the rut. He remarked that if only the artist would give up wearing evening clothes in restaurants the picture would undoubtedly become the masterpiece of to-

It is in the hands of such progressives as the Westminsterpost-neo-abstractionist-allegoricals that the future of British modern art lies, and so long as England can produce artists as imaginative and as inventive as the creator of 'Mother and Daughter' we shall keep abreast, if not ahead, of continental artistic developments.

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Through the Publishers (including postage):
Twelve months (Overseas and Foreign) 19s. 6d.,
twelve months (British Isles and Canada) 17s. 4d. Subscriptions should be sent to the Publishers of 'The Listener', 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

Postage for this issue: Inland 1½d., Foreign 2d.

Psychology

24 OCTOBER 1934

'Is My Child Normal?'

By Dr. CYRIL BURT

INE times out of ten, the difficult child is neither culpably naughty nor inherently abnormal. He is suffering from what may be called maladjustment: something needs readjusting inside his mind or outside it, and that is all. To manage a child is as hard a task as to manage a motor-car or an aeroplane. The parent, therefore, who has had no training in child psychology is quite right to seek advice; but the fact that advice is needed does not imply that the child himself is abnormal. To begin with, the study of children on a systematic scale has shown that individual differences are far wider than was formerly supposed. To his parents a child may seem to be quite exceptional in his behaviour, and yet that behaviour may be perfectly natural. Disobedience, petty theft, sexual misdemeanours, and the like, are considered by parents to be something wholly foreign to the nature of a healthy child; the psychologist knows that such impulses are rooted in natural instincts, and in certain circumstances may be a perfectly normal outcome. What is abnormal, as a general rule, is not the child but something in the child's situation.

In nearly every instance, therefore, what needs investigation is not so much the child himself, but the total social situation. At a child guidance clinic, the examination of the child's body and mind is only the first step in the inquiry. Every clinic has attached to it what are sometimes called 'psychiatric social workers'—assistants trained in psychology and home visiting, who inquire into the whole background of the case.

Tests for Mental Development

There is no question that physical disease or ill-health may at times impair the child's intellectual progress and even lead to definite delinquency. It is found, however, that such consequences are comparatively rare unless the trouble has definitely affected the nervous system. In other cases the child may suffer from some innate form of mental deficiency or temperamental instability, so that the main cause actually lies within himself. Such causes are far more infrequent than is popularly supposed. Nevertheless, it is the duty of the psychologist to watch for them, and even in the most ordinary case to make sure that he is right to rule them out. The symptoms of such abnormalities are now well known to specialists, though not always to the family physician. Tests have been devised for measuring mental development in various directions; and usually a brief examination is sufficient to show whether the child is normal or not. Intellectual abnormality is the easiest to detect. For measuring innate intelligence and educational attainments, there, are simple standardised tests. To apply them accurately needs a laboratory training. But where an exact diagnosis is not required, the teacher, or even the intelligent parent, may usefully try them on their children.

Such tests are now used systematically both by teachers and by school medical officers in diagnosing the mentally defective. Roughly speaking, no child should be regarded as mentally defective unless he falls below the average of the *general* population by at least three years. Note that it will not do to take the child's own family or fellow-pupils as a standard, since—particularly in the case of the professional classes—their development may be several years ahead.

In the case of the very young, formal testing may be out of the question. But it is easy to devise some little test situation and see how the child reacts. What does a small child do if you give him pencil and paper and show him how to draw by making a few patterns yourself? Draw a circle, a square, and a diamond: which can he copy successfully? Ask him to draw a man and notice the result. Can the child pick up a tiny lump of sugar from the table, and, if so, does he grasp it with his finger and thumb or simply grab it with the whole hand? Can he pick up four little cubes at once? Can he carry a cup of water without spilling it, and tie the laces of his shoes? Can he name familiar objects—a knife, a key, or a penny? Can he recognise such objects in a picture?

Little experiments of this sort taken in the spirit of a game have been tried out on thousands of boys and girls of different ages; and the typical reactions at each year of life are now known

with some precision. Thirty years ago it was a maxim that no child should be set down as feeble-minded until he had reached the age of eight and had had at least one year's probation in the upper school. Ten years ago it was considered rash to diagnose a high grade case of feeble-mindedness before the age of five. Nowadays such a diagnosis can commonly be reached before the age of twelve months.

At the earliest ages of all, physical and mental development go hand-in-hand, so that the age at which a child sits, stands, walks, cuts his teeth, and ceases to be incontinent, are all of some significance. Most young defectives, for example, are backward in these respects, even when their intellectual defects are obvious in no other way.

The age of talking is perhaps the most significant. The average child begins to talk at about the age of twelve months; bright children two or three months earlier; defectives often not until a year or two later. If, therefore, a child is backward in talking, and there is no obvious cause to account for it, then he should certainly be taken to a clinic for examination.

Emotional and moral disorders are more difficult to detect. If we tried to state precisely how a child should behave in social situations at each succeeding year of life, we should find that almost everything depended upon his history at home. Babyish fears or bouts of temper, which in a well-regulated family might seem symptoms of definite abnormality, may in other situations prove to be a perfectly intelligible reaction or habit. Neurotic disorders are commonest of all and are most frequently overlooked. But in most instances the nervous troubles of the tiny child are due, not to any deep-seated abnormality, but mainly to some unsuspected factor in the conditions at home.

In mental behaviour and in moral development, every grade exists between definite abnormality on the one hand and absolute perfection on the other. With physical troubles the alternatives are usually clear-cut. A child either has diphtheria or he has not; either his leg is broken or it is not. There is no intermediate stage. With mental troubles, on the other hand, borderline cases are by far the commonest. While only I per cent. are definitely deficient, nearly IO per cent. are definitely dull; and probably the great majority of the child population, with all the help in the world, could not master the higher branches of the secondary school curriculum.

Maladjustment and its Cure

So long as a borderline child is not confronted with a situation demanding powers that his mind does not possess, nothing goes wrong and no abnormality is suspected. Send a dull child, however, to a school intended only for the bright, and his dullness will stand out like mental deficiency, and perhaps in the end precipitate a mild nervous breakdown. Or again, take a child who is on the verge of adolescence, in whom new emotions and desires are emerging for the first time: let his parents still treat him as a child of ten; and the emotional instability, which is a normal feature in almost every adolescent child, will become heightened and intensified until it seems like definite insanity. This is what is meant by maladjustment. In such cases the proper treatment is neither punishment nor medicine.

Think of any other delicate mechanism—the clock on the mantelpiece, for example. Do any of our clocks keep perfect time? If it is only a few minutes out, you scarcely notice it unless you want to catch a train; but if it begins to lose twenty minutes a day you get seriously disturbed. Even then you do not snatch the clock off to the clock-maker and ask him to perform a surgical operation on the works—putting in a new spring or scraping out the rust. You wonder first of all whether the clock is not suffering from some maladjustment. Tighten the spring or lengthen the pendulum; move the clock itself from the heat of the mantelpiece to a cooler corner of the room, and you may restore the clock to normal. The same with your child. In nearly every case of apparent derangement, the most probable explanation is that there is something, either in the child's mind or in his present situation, that wants a little readjusting.

The Theatre

Cochran, Pirandello, and Shaw

By DESMOND MacCARTHY

TOBODY can say that the London stage is neglecting the higher drama. During the past three weeks you might have seen 'King Lear' at the Westminster Theatre, Ibsen's 'Enemy of the People' at The Embassy, two plays by Pirandello—'The Life that I gave Him' at the Little Theatre, in which Miss Nancy Price took the principal part (originally written for Duse), and 'As You Desire Me' at the Royalty, in which the gifted Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, plays the heroine. And there was also a revival at the Winter Garden Theatre of Shaw's 'Androcles and the Lion'.

I have not taken advantage of all these opportunities. I have yet to see 'King Lear', and instead of going to 'The Enemy of the People' I thought I would change my pleasures and go one night to the Palace Theatre where, as everybody knows, Mr. Cochran is presenting a revue—'Streamline'.

Mr. Cochran is a remarkable impresario. He by no means caters only for our amusement. He is also a link between us and what is best on the Continental and American stage. It was he who gave us our last chance of seeing the greatest actress of the nineteenth century—Eleanora Duse—and was it not he who, the other day, introduced Elizabeth Bergner to London? But when, on the other hand, he turns to amusing and astonishing us with variety entertainments, there is a magnificent defiance of expense about his productions, which in itself contributes to exhilaration.

'Streamline', his latest revue, is a lavishly hospitable show. I was reminded of a refrain of a song popular in my childhood:

There was ham and lamb, And beer by the bucket and imported Cham; And you never saw such a divil of a cram When we all sat down to dine.

Well, having paid that tribute to the entertainment as a whole, I don't mind admitting, grateful though I was, that some of the feast was not up to exhilaration pitch. But then, how

many courses we were given!

The variety entertainments have only one thread running through them. The fun and glitter, the songs and scenes must be topical. The revue—why not call it a review?—is a sort of magnificently illustrated comic-paper with politics (we don't allow more than an occasional mild politic joke on the stage) left out. The Review is a modern substitute for that old Greek comedy, which reflected and guyed what was uppermost in minds of Athenian citizens at the moment. Athens supplied more intellectual audiences than we can, and there were no limits to what they would stand in satire, either of individuals, politics or human nature, or, for that matter, in impropriety. The English are a good-natured and a prudish race, though by-the-by, one of the most amusing jokes at our expense in 'Streamline' was directed at the recent breakdown of our sense of decorum, a breakdown to the benefit—so it was hinted—of our morals. We were shown in rapid succession, in an item which the programme was pleased to calle 'Eve-olution', scenes from the stage of the '90's, the 1900's and from the stage of 1934, in each case both in front of the curtain and behind it. The more clothes the chorus took off, the more respectable and self-respecting the performers became behind the scenes. Certainly, the chorus labelled '1934' clothed only in top-hats, boots, with three small circles cunningly disposed between them, was a startling spectacle to old-fashioned eyes.

It must have struck everybody that the English are a good-natured race. It is so prominent a characteristic that I am always surprised foreigners continue to insist that hypocrisy is our leading national trait. Good-nature influences our Art and Drama as much as our conduct of public affairs, both for better and for worse. I have always meant some day to write an essay on 'Good-nature in Art'. Think what a gruesome chapter a French or Latin novelist would have written upon the 'Barkis is willin' episode in David Copperfield! There is an example of what we gain by being good-natured, but where satire is concerned our authors are apt to lose their bite. If

English audiences were even given what is acceptable in America today (you have only to compare *The New Yorker* with Punch to see what I mean), they would feel uncomfortable and cry, 'But where, O where, is the fundamental good-nature?' For this reason the Review-writer in England is limited in his choice of subjects and his treatment of them. The scenes written by Mr. A. P. Herbert had more bite than the others. By far the most successful of them, judged by the laughter it excited, was a parody of a broadcast talk given by the first mother to fly over the North Pole with her baby. The cleverest of his contributions was perhaps the parody of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. But there was not much bite in the scenes which guyed the modern conceptions of Napoleon. What little fun there was in presenting Napoleon as a maundering milk-sop had been reduced to a minimum by the disappearance of that ill-starred play 'Josephine' from His Majesty's Theatre three weeks ago. I think parodies of the stage ought to be done in a more perfunctory manner. Some listeners will remember Pelissier and his delightful company, 'The Follies,' who used the technique of the charade for the purpose. Their humour, however broad, had a delicacy about its extravagance which distinguished it from elaborate professional jocularity. Their fun did not seem to require footlights and the paraphernalia of the stage. Indeed, part of the fun was the extent to which such preparations were dispensed with. Properties had the air of being commandeered for the occasion, and every makeshift had a witty point. 'The Follies' made as much fun of scenery as they did of actors and dramatists. At last we got a chance of seeing perfect private theatricals, and, behold, the charade was also a form of Art! I mention this bygone success, because if something of the spirit of 'The Follies' was introduced into modern Reviews it would be a gain, though no one could possibly wish the beautiful ballet at the end of 'Streamline' to have been less elaborate and spectacular. 'Faster, Faster', too, was topical. It was the translation into sound, light and movement, of the spirit of speed. The other dances which struck me most were the performances of that superbly elegant couple, Jack Holland and June Hart. The audience seemed with me there.

Now for the drama proper. One might say that the three most remarkable and original dramatists alive today are an Italian, an Irishman and an American: Pirandello, Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill. We have got used to Shaw; O'Neill has not yet made half the impression he ought to have made;

Pirandello is the strangest of the three

'Six Characters in Search of an Author' was the first of his plays to be performed in London. It was acted by the Stage Society in 1922. 'It is neither a play within a play, nor yet a play in the making', a critic wrote. 'Rather it is a trial—possibly an indictment—of the modern theatre. The author has created Six Characters and imagined for them a situation of poignant intensity. And then, doubtful of the theatre's adequacy to his intentions, he abandons his play—it is not to be written. But the characters remain: he has endowed them with life and they refuse to relinquish his gift. A theatrical stock company meets to put another Pirandello play into rehearsal, and as they begin their work, the six characters arrive, and demand that their story shall be given the dramatic representation for which it was destined'.

What an extraordinary plot! It certainly required skill to handle it, but Signor Pirandello is endowed with a quite enormous amount of ingenuity. I mention this plot to show how strange a dramatist he is. Neither 'The Life that I Gave Him' nor 'As You Desire Me' is quite as odd as that, though both plays ask us to change our usual point of view. I don't wonder that these two plays attracted two actresses devoted to their art, for in each of them there is a magnificent part. Miss Nancy Price played with dignity and delicacy the part of a mother who has lost her only son (when the curtain goes up, he has just died). Previous to his short illness he had been absent from her for seven years. She will not now admit, either to herself or to others, that he is dead. To the distress of her sister and a priest, she insists that just as she once carried him

in her body and gave him life, so even now she can keep him in a sense alive by carrying him in her heart, thinking and behaving (in fact) just as though he had never died.

It is a very moving play. Those who have known bereave-

ment will find it has something to say to them. There are people in the lives of some of whom it may be said that we never lose them till we die ourselves. That is the point of view of the mother in this play. She puts it like this: all that death has done is to make it impossible for her son to do anything more for her; it has not prevented her doing something for him. She will behave as though he were alive just as she did when he was only absent. A young woman whom he has loved is about to bear him a child, and for as long as the mother can, she keeps from her the fact of his death. Of course she cannot do so for long, and the most poignant moment in the play-which to her is the moment when he really dies—is the moment when she is compelled to own to this young woman, charmingly acted by Miss Peggy Ashcroft, that he is dead.

Just as the suggestion in 'The Life that I Gave Him' is that to believe is to create, so the idea that what we believe may become equivalent to what is true, runs through the other Pirandello play—'As You Desire Me'. Here, Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson takes the leading part—a very fine one. Suppose a young man's young wife had years ago been torn from him in the most cruel of imaginable circumstances, and imagine that he found another young woman who was like her, would he not be a fool (if his real wife was now a hopeless idiot) to question what

fate had brought him?

The play is based on one of those terrible episodes which accompany war. Elma, the newly-married wife of a young Italian Count, is caught, violated and lost sight of. Years afterwards, in Berlin, an artist who had painted her comes across at a cabaret a reckless dancer who is living with a currupt successful novelist. This woman has been pitched out of her ordinary life by some terrible experience. She apparently has lost her memory, and only lives in the present. The artist is convinced that he has found his friend's wife, and persuades her to leave the novelist (played, by-the-by, with sinister subtlety by Mr. Peter Godfrey). Until the last act we do not know whether she is the real Elma. One thing she insists upon, that her husband does not doubt her, and their happiness is beginning to be a reality. But he is not strong enough to stifle all doubts, though she is accepted by his uncle and aunt, and even by his sister-in-law, and when the novelist from revenge brings down to the house a poor idiot who can only reiterate one word, like a bird's note, and he declares that she is the real Elma, the husband's confidence is shaken. Perceiving that, the woman who has brought him happiness, for a time, owns to having impersonated his wife, and disappears, probably back into the squalid life from which she had also saved herself while giving him a taste of the life he might have had with the

old Elma he lost long ago.

'Androcles and the Lion' is a religious pantomime: the characters in it are early Christian martyrs. It is the reverse of mediæval in sentiment and doctrine, but its nearest parallel as a dramatic entertainment is one of those old 'miracle plays' in which buffoonery and religion were mixed together. No contemporary playwright, except Bernard Shaw, could write a religious pantomime. (Chesterton alone among writers might succeed.)

When 'Androcles' was first put on, many thought it blasphemous. The mistake sprang from its chief merit—a complete freedom from all forms of spiritual snobbery. Whatever Bernard Shaw does admire in human nature, that—wherever he discovers it—he will honour equally. Often he discovers it in situations and people where it is so buried in incongruities that his recognition of it suggests to people that he is satirising the thing itself. In the case of this play many have apparently thought that because the meek little martyr, Androcles, is made to talk namby-pambily, and the gross, chaotic Ferrovius to bawl the phrases of a hot-gospeller, the dramatist was satirising the religion of these men. That is a mistake—their tone,

their sillinesses, yes-but not their faithfulness

Ferrovius is explained with sympathetic insight. Born a servant of Mars and ignorant of himself, he has become a follower of Jesus of Nazareth. He reveals himself in a sentence; he is terrified to think that he may betray his Master when he finds himself in the arena and gives stroke for stroke. 'When I feel a sword in my hand I could as soon throw it away as the woman I love from my arms. Oh, what have I said? My God, what have I said?' Face to face with the gladiators, the sudden glory of battle seizes him, and he stretches out all six of them, to return again overwhelmed with remorse and shame. But the delighted Emperor pardons all the Christians to commemorate such a feat of arms. Into the mouth of the henpecked Androcles is also put one of those lines which summarise a character and delight a critic. He is too humbly pacific to fight for his life in the arena. He asks, rather with the air of a tired man excusing himself for taking a seat in a full waggonette, that he may be allowed 'to be the one to go to the lions with the ladies'. Other types of religious zealots are represented, all of them fundamental enough to have existed in the second century just as they exist now. Mr. Oscar Asche made a ludi-crously impressive emperor. Ferrovius and Androcles were excellent, and the lion irresistible!

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

Cost of the Mentally Unfit

Mr. Francis White deplores the fact that the recovery rate of the mentally defective has remained stationary for the last forty years. Surely the only way to improve this rate is to spend even more money on research and on institutions for the treatment of mental disease; and I venture to suggest that the increased expenditure in this direction does at least prove that people are no longer herded together as 'lunatics in an asylum', but are now treated in 'mental hospitals' as 'patients suffering from diseases of the mind'-just as patients suffering from diseases of

the lungs are treated in chest hospitals.

Mr. White goes on to say that many people are needlessly certified and that the Mental Treatment Act fails in that it seeks to remove the stigma of lunacy whilst insisting that it seeks mental defective should come under lunacy control'. If the Act fails in this respect, I would ask, 'Who else is capable of dealing with the defectives?' The crux of the matter is to be found in the stigma associated with certification as a mentally defective. A patient may be certified as suffering from diphtheria, typhoid, and so on, and the public won't mind—but if he is certified as suffering from disease of the mind, they are up in arms! And I am

sure that if Mr. White were to encourage the treatment of early cases apart from the late cases (i.e., presumably those under certification) he would merely increase the stigma associated with the hospitals for the treatment of the latter and, indeed, with mental disease as a whole.

A more reasonable method of removing this stigma of certification would be to treat all cases of mental disease, whether early or late, together in the same hospital—thereby enabling the disease to be studied as a whole and to be brought to the same level as other diseases; and also to teach the public that disease of the mind should be regarded in the same perspective as disease in any other part of the body, and that certification is not a bogey-term but merely a precaution to enable the doctor to have complete control over a patient who is incapable of behaving rationally in society.

Brook Green

H. STEPHEN PASMORE

Causes of War

In stressing fear as a root cause of war, Dr. Inge was putting forward a thesis which is incontrovertible, but in his attitude to armaments and armament firms he is guilty of a strange and

dangerous inconsistency. It has been proved beyond all doubt that armament firms are in part responsible for the fear which Dr. Inge so rightly regards as a cause of war. It has been amply shown that they have deliberately created war scares, that they have used their influence over the Press to inflame public opinion and that while claiming to be patriotic they have supplied all countries, friendly or hostile, with armaments so that they may pay dividends to their shareholders. An Armstrong-Vickers advertisement which appeared in a German military journal forms the frontispiece to Fenner Brockway's book The Bloody Traffic. It was St. Paul who maintained that the root of all evil was the love of money: in passing over the influence of armament firms Dr. Inge was overlooking a major and not a minor cause of modern wars.

Sheffield University

F. LINCOLN RALPHS

Workers' Insurance

I am glad to see that you expect further enlightenment from the discussion to take place on the twenty-seventh of this month between Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P., and Sir Joseph Burn—not Sir Joseph Benn, as you state in your leading article of October 17. The whole tone of the article is a ridiculous and presumptuous prejudgment of the question against Companies held in widespread respect and esteem by practically all wellinformed men in business and financial circles. British industrial assurance Companies conduct their business more economically than similar Companies in any other country in the world.

Ealing JOHN E. PRESTON

Seurat's 'La Baignade'

It was good to see that Seurat's 'Baignade' had at last made its appearance in your series 'What I Like in Art', but while it is easy for an admirer of Seurat to agree with Mr. Herbert Read's estimate of the greatness of that painter and of the importance of this particular work, there is one sentence it is not so easy to accept, a sentence that contains not only errors of fact, perhaps not in themselves worth remarking, but implications which allied to them seem to me more than challengeable.

Mr. Read says of 'La Baignade': 'The paint is applied in

small touches of pure colour, the method known as pointillism,

but this method was an affectation of the period to which I do not attach particular importance'. First, 'pointillism', though the popularly accepted term, misses the essential character of the neo-impressionist technique. Signac, friend and disciple of Seurat and the principal apologist for his method, wrote: 'To think that the neo-impressionists are painters who cover their canvases with little multi-coloured spots (points) is a common enough error; the mediocre spot-process has nothing in common with the asthetic of the neō-impressionists nor with the technique of "division" which they employ. The neo-impressionists are not pointillists but divisionists' (my translation). Commentators who noticed the spots instead of the 'division' of colour which made them necessary called it 'pointillism'.

But even allowing the critics' name to stand instead of the artists', 'La Baignade' is not really a pointillist picture even in the accepted sense. Much of it is painted with narrow sweeping brush-strokes (as the bank in the foreground), and in fact 'the method known as pointillism' was not fully developed by Seurat until 1886, two years after the painting of 'La Baignade', with 'Un Dimanche d'Eté à La Grande Jatte' ('le premier tableau divisé') first exhibited in that year. Consequently, far from being an 'affectation of the period', the divisionist technique was not even known at that period, 'La Baignade' being a stage on the way to it.

But apart from such historical considerations, it seems extraordinary in the case of Seurat to think of it as an affectation at all. It was a technique he developed for very definite purposes based on the methods of Monet and other impressionists and on a profound study of the pictures and writings of Delacroix, and it was the only satisfactory technique Seurat could discover for carrying out his conceptions. Seurat, who was always so insistent on the importance of his 'method', wearing out his friends with explanations of it, would surely have been amazed to hear that it was considered an affectation, and indeed he was far too serious in his aims to endanger their realisation by 'affecting' any technique whatever. He developed his own for his own needs.

Something even more questionable is implied in Mr. Read's dismissal of Seurat's technique as 'affectation'. That is the implication that in the work of a sincere painter, even in the work of a great painter, technique can be separated from all the

other qualities, that technique can be judged as good or bad irrespective of the evaluation of the total achievement. Technique to a great painter is, after all, only his method of realising his pictorial aims: it is not something he chooses from among a number of possibilities as the most suitable to his conception, but something that develops inevitably and inextricably along with all his other intentions with regard to his work. It is not possible to think of 'La Baignade' painted in any other way, nor, I feel, to understand Seurat's pictures by ignoring this method to which he himself attached so much importance. Later, when Signac, Cross and others had popularised it, it may be admitted that 'pointillism' became 'an affectation of the period', but in the hands of minor men who 'adopted' it, just as a bad architect might adopt 'classic' or 'gothic' style for a building he was designing. But this was only the case with such men as Le Sidaner, who having nothing whatever to express, did not really need a technique at all-or perhaps needed nothing else. In any case whatever they did did not matter. It was all 'affectation'. With Seurat I am certain there was none.

WILLIAM TOWNSEND Canterbury

Labour Camps in Germany

Will you kindly allow me to put a few things right with regard to the article 'A National Socialist Labour Camp', by G. Carpenter, which you published on October 10? From the point of view of an American student, Labour Camps may seem strange, but it is a queer way he answers the hospitality of this camp. As a matter of course, he could have left the camp from the very moment he did not like it any more. Since the only man of his comrades he mentions is a former communist of Bremen, the writer of this letter feels rather strange about the truth of the impressions the American guest has received. Duty and games in this country naturally are different. The social point of the institution of Labour Camps in this country, and the fact that thousands and thousands of young men who in Great Britain and the United States of America are lingering as unemployed in streets, while in this country they are being brought back to the orderly life conditions, do not seem to have struck the writer.

KURT FIEDLER

Telford and Nineteenth-Century Scotland

Owing to absence in a bookless land I have been unable to deal earlier with Mr. Fergusson's letter printed in your issue of September 26. Mr. Fergusson accuses me of having libelled Scotland of 1801-2 by describing it as 'sunk deep in poverty and squalor after the Jacobite rebellions'. On the contrary he maintains that it resembled the curate's egg in that it was excellent in parts, and that the standard of living in most parts of the Level of the l of the Lowlands and the north-eastern shires was little below that of rural England at the same period.

In reply I would point out that in 1803 William and Dorothy Wordsworth toured all over Scotland, and Dorothy Wordsworth recorded their recollections in a journal. In the preface which he wrote to these recollections, Principal J. C. Shairp of St. Andrew's University summed up the position as follows:

No doubt to them, accustomed to the cleanness and comfort of the farms and cottages of Westmorland, those 'homes of ancient peace', with their warm stone porches and their shelter of household sycamores, the dirt and discomfort of the inns and of the humbler abodes they entered must have been repulsive enough. Even the gentlemen's seats had to them an air of neglect and desolation, and the new plantations of larch and fir with which they had then begun to be surrounded, gave an impression of rawness, barrenness, and lack of geniality. Nor less in large towns, as in Glasgow, were they struck by the dullness and dreariness in the aspect and demeanour of the 'dim common populations'. common populations'.

Telford's own account of the mere effect of the execution of his contracts on the Highlands (not merely Sutherland, as to which Mr. Fergusson practically admits the correctness of my remarks) is:

In these works and in the Caledonian Canal about 3,200 men have been annually employed. At first they could scarcely work at all: they were totally unacquainted with labour; they could not use the tools. They have since become excellent labourers. . . . Since these roads were made accessible, wheelwrights and cartwrights have been established, the plough has been introduced, and improved tools and utenils are generally used. The plough was not previously employed: in the interior and mountainous parts they used crooked sticks, with iron on them, drawn or pushed along. . . It has been the means of advancing the country at least a century.

Mr. Fergusson claims that in the decade before Telford appeared on the scene the Turnpike Act of 1792 had already had a marked effect on Scottish roads. Smiles, however, in his Life of Telford, says that the result of Telford's Scottish road

Agriculture made rapid progress. The use of carts became practicable, and manure was no longer carried to the field on women's backs. Sloth and idleness gradually disappeared before the energy, activity, and industry which were called into life by the improved communications. Better built cottages took the place of the old mud biggins with holes in their roofs to let out the smoke. The pigs and cattle were treated to a separate table. The dunghill was turned to the outside of the house.

Mr. Fergusson says that Scotland was a reasonably prosperous country several years before Telford left Shropshire. As to this I would point out that in comparing the respective conditions in England and Scotland the first year for which separate statistics of Income Tax for the two countries are available is the year 1814-15, thirteen years after Telford made his report on Scotch roads, during which time Scotland's position had admittedly advanced by leaps and bounds. In that year the assessment to Income Tax (all schedules) was 11s. 13d. in Scotland as against 20s. 103d. in England and Wales.

As regards the respective economic effects on Scotland of the Jacobite rebellions and Monmouth's rebellion on England, I would suggest that they would not be—as Mr. Fergusson maintains—in any way comparable. Monmouth landed in England with 82 followers on June 11, 1685; by July 8 he was a prisoner after the sixty-minute 'battle' of Sedgemoor two days previously. After that all was over except Judge Jeffreys' judicial brutalities to a number of prisoners. In the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' landed on July 23, 1745, and Culloden was not fought till April 16, 1746. Macaulay in his *History* says: 'The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 were of longer duration, of wider extent and of more formidable aspect than that which was put down at Sedgemoor'. In one way the rebellion of 1745 may eventually have proved to Scotland's economic advantage, since the forfeited Jacobite estates provided the necessary funds for Telford's roads and harbours in Scotland.

London, W.C.2 KENNETH BROWN

'Berlioz, the Man and his Work'

In his review of my book on Berlioz, Mr. Calvocoressi makes some misstatements which I must beg your permission to correct. He says that I take Berlioz's Mémoires at their 'face value', and adds that I do not admit that they are to a great extent fictional. Now on page I, I draw attention to the fact that Berlioz had a brother whom he never mentions in his Mémoires; on page 7, I point out that his description of his mother is an exaggeration; on page 29, I say distinctly that his Mémoires are 'not reliable'; on page 37, speaking of his early journalism, I say 'no word of this is mentioned in his Mémoires': on pages 55 and 56, I declare the account of the scene with his mother before leaving home to become a regular student at the Paris Conservatoire to be exaggerated; on page 139, in dealing with his relationship to Camille Moke, I point out the complete discrepancy between his misleading reference to this affair in his Mémoires and the reality, and give the reader the true facts.

One would never guess from reading Mr. Calvocoressi's review that my book is the first biography of Berlioz in English giving a mass of material which does not appear in his Mémoires; but perhaps I have handled my subject so dully and stupidly that Mr. Calvocoressi could not read my book. If so I wish he had said this, for that at least would be telling your readers something about my biography.
London, N.W. I

W. J. TURNER

Poverty in Plenty

During the course of the talks on 'Poverty in Plenty', I hope to obtain reasonable answers to the following questions. Is, or is not, the present position of poverty in the midst of plenty an artificial one? Are not the 2,000,000 unemployed potential producers of wealth, and if so why are they kept idle, or doing jobs of work of no real social value, by any antique method which will make it last long enough? Surely this must result in a definite loss of national wealth and therefore a lowering of the standard of living. What is the basic reason for this? To talk of overproduction is sheer bunk. Again, what is the underlying reason for having to find a foreign market for the herrings caught last year, the glut of which nearly ruined the industry? Are we to understand they could not have been disposed of in this country had the 'real' demand been satisfied? If the answer is 'Yes, if they had the money', surely something is wrong if we have to send abroad that which we ourselves require.

Where does monetary profit come from? How can a com-

munity obtain more money than it pays away in dividends and wages? If some of its goods are sold abroad they have to be paid for by goods in exchange, and these goods have to be paid for eventually out of dividends and wages either in their raw state, or when their value is incorporated in goods subsequently manufactured. In other words, could a self-supporting state obtain full benefit from its resources under the system of economics practised in this country, without recourse to foreign trade, and if so where would the monetary profit (the indispensable companion of private enterprise) come from?

I have recently heard broadcast a word of praise for thrift. The value of this money is incorporated in goods already on the market, or in process of manufacture. In other words, all money saved represents an equal value of goods unsold, and that saving is necessary arises from some basic flaw in the economic system, which renders the individual insecure despite our enormous powers of production. Does not this account for that much-heard-of state of overproduction, which it seems must exist whether the output be large or small? Finally, I have yet to understand the function of an economist. To me he seems hazy about it himself. I should think that his duty was to advise on the economic course, which would ensure that the community would benefit to the full from the real wealth at its disposal, and that its standard of living was commensurate with its powers of production. This, it seems, would involve some basic laws, one of which would be the possibility or otherwise of monetary profit. To me it looks very much like 2+2=5and therefore an impossibility.

These are only a few of the points I am anxious to hear debated, and I trust I shall not be disappointed.

Heston ARTHUR BERRY

The central part of Mr. H. D. Henderson's lecture, beginning with his short exposition of 'an economic theory' is so full of fallacies that a very long letter would be needed to demonstrate them all. He says, for example, that 'Every hundred pounds' worth of goods sold to the general public gives rise to £100 of income, distributed somehow among those who have helped to make them or sell them. I should like to know how many business people wait till they have sold their goods before paying their workpeople, or if it is the custom to distribute wages and salaries earned during the months needed to turn iron, copper, etc., into electric fires, when those fires have been sold by the retail agent? It obviously isn't. Then when the fires (or bread or coal or shoes) are sold, are there no commercial debts to be paid or capital accounts to be replenished by the recipicats of the price? There obviously are. Mr. Henderson's account of things simply isn't true. It would only be true if there was no time-lag in making or selling, and no bank or manufacturer's or merchant's or customer's credit, no overhead charges, no temporary saving. In short, if the world were quite different from what it is.

Another fallacy is his apparent belief that the difference between buying producers' goods and consumers' goods is merely a difference in the goods, and that whereas hoarding may upset things, investment does not. But if a hundred people paid for making consumers' goods save a part of their income and spend it on buying producers' goods, then (1) they do not buy the whole equivalent of consumers' goods which they have caused to be put on sale; (2) they transfer their powers to another set of people who can and, we will assume do, buy the unsold goods; (3) they will presently try to get back some or the whole or more than the whole of what they have invested otherwise they would not have invested. And then, where among the general public is the money to pay for this, and how did it get there? And if it gets there because others are paid to produce new goods, how can they buy both the capital goods to be paid for and the equivalent of the new goods they have made?

Sheringham HILDERIC COUSENS

The Way to God

We are looking forward to this series of talks with great interest. We are looking forward to this series of talks with great interest. The introductory one states the main point in the Religious Director's words, 'Men climb up to God and Christ by many different paths'. Should this not rather be put 'climb to Christ and God'? We read in the gospels 'I am the Way; no man cometh to the Father but by Me'. . . . 'If ye had known Me, ye should have known My Father also'. Is not this way plain and clear? Need the wayfaring man, though a fool, err therein? Watton

B. B. HARDY

Gardening

Dig Well, Dish Well

By E. R. JANES

UCCESS in the garden depends largely upon thorough soil preparation: Cultivate the soil immediately by digging deeply, two or three spits deep, according to its nature. Don't bring subsoil to the top, but leave the layers in the same relative positions. Soil has been made fit for plants by the elements during countless centuries, therefore it is foolish to attempt to grow them in crude subsoil. If farmyard manure is available, add it liberally, and include green garden refuse, such as cabbage leaves, pea haulm, bean haulm, or anything capable of decay. It's very wasteful to burn such valuable plant-food. Include also all annual weeds which, with the vegetable refuse, will decay and provide humus so valuable in all soils. But burn any diseased plants.

Leave the surface soil as rough as possible to allow the elements to penetrate, break the particles of soil, and release valuable plant-food otherwise unavailable. An old proverb says 'A hard winter is worth a coat of manure'. Very true; and deep digging permits the elements to penetrate deeply, release more plant-food, and the full value of an inclement winter is obtained.

By the process of decay farmyard manure included now is made suitable for assimilation in the spring. The amount of manure placed in the soil is relatively unimportant. It is the amount the plants are able to use that really matters, therefore do everything possible to ensure a good supply of plant-food in an available form by the spring months. This can only be done by early soil preparation. Don't manure for the root crops, though. On heavily-manured land parsnips, carrots, beetroots and so on would develop fanged roots and become useless. They should always be grown in soil well manured for a previous

crop—after onions, for instance.
Soil is not merely an inert mass but contains millions of living things-soil bacteria-which convert crude manure into plantfood, and for this air and warmth are required—both provided by deep digging which, by draining moisture, allows the warm air of spring to enter. Therefore deep cultivation ensures good drainage, good tilth, warmer soil, and plant-food in the right condition. Prepare thoroughly, ensure a deep root-run, and your plants will be larger, stronger, and healthier. They will develop extensive root-systems, readily utilise the plant-food provided and, by the balance of nature, develop tops in proportion to their roots. Remove decaying leaves from Brussels sprouts, savoys, winter lettuces, any growing plants, leaves fallen from trees, and bury them in the trenches as the work proceeds. Plants are very like human beings! They require healthy conditions! Very unhealthy conditions are created by decaying leaves to surround or smother.

Of course, you cannot dig all your soil, as some is still cropped, but dig as much as possible before Christmas. Then when gardening time arrives the soil will be ready-broken into a fine tilth instead of being like hard, unbreakable rocks, or semi-dry slabs of putty; and don't hurry—sow each subject leisurely as the time arrives. Early preparation prevents tiring

And now, can I help with routine work? Are the spring cabbages planted? If not, plant them immediately in well-dug soil following peas, beans, or potatoes. Tread light soils to make firm before planting. The variety 'Harbinger' matures early and a few plants of 'Flower of Spring' would form an excellent successional crop. Here's a little tip for you—when planting, examine carefully and discard any over-large, fat specimens they generally disappoint by 'bolting', that is, running to seed. Plants selected to an even sample are always better in the long run. Plant one foot apart each way if you wish to cut early, but give a little more room for bigger later ones to develop. Plant onions too. If planted now they make excellent bulbs early and are rarely attacked by pests. 'A1', and 'Solidity' are excellent varieties for winter culture. Don't forget onions need wellworked, manured soil. With rows fifteen inches apart allow four to six inches between the onions in the rows. If you appreciate fresh lettuce in the spring, plant the varieties 'Arctic' and 'Imperial' at the end of the month in rows one foot apart, spaced six to eight inches in the rows. This spacing allows for a few losses during the winter. Choose a sunny sheltered spot for these, plant firmly, and should severe frost partially lift make firm again by treading when spring arrives.

It is a good plan to sow peas and broad beans at the end of the month. A south or south-westerly slope is admirable, but any good well-worked soil will suffice. Sow in flat drills, six inches wide and about two inches deep, with the peas spaced about one inch in each direction. Keep slugs and snails away by dusting the seedlings frequently with fine ashes mixed with a little soot. Sometimes bitter winds are troublesome and you can protect the little plants by placing a few evergreen boughs in the ground by the sides of the rows. For winter culture, two feet from row to row is sufficient. 'Foremost' is a splendid hardy variety—most people consider it the earliest in cultivation—and the variety 'Pilot' is excellent to sow at the same time for a successional crop, as it develops a little later. In fact, practically all the round smooth-seeded varieties can be sown now, but not the wrinkled kinds.

Sow broad beans spaced three inches apart in the drills with the rows three feet apart. 'Mammoth Longpod' is by far the best variety for autumn sowing. Autumn sown beans usually mature earlier, before the flies get busy. I have advised you to sow a little thicker than usual to allow slugs, mice, and other pests to take a few: generally they leave enough to make autumn sowing worth while. If you consider it necessary to guard against cats, use a little wire netting or fish netting: but I'll leave that to you-I don't profess to understand cat problems

New Novels

IN HIS BROADCAST TALK on October 17 Dr. A. J. Cronin dealt

with the following novels:

Dead Woman's Shoes, by Charles Braibant, translated by Vyvyan Holland (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.): 'The outstanding character is Marlise Bertaud . . . beautiful, intelligent, but terrifyingly avaricious. ... She exercises an implacable domination over her only son Aimé, who goes to study Law in Paris. Here his liaison with a young girl results in a son, but he dare not tell his mother and, having no money of his own, he cannot marry. He fails in various careers, falls ill and is wretched. . until Aimé is dead does Marlise hear the truth. . . At the end, softened by the sight of her great-grandchildren, she accepts them and leaves her fortune to their father, Aimé's son. . . . If this book doesn't possess you and draw you body and soul into the midst of that little French community, then I shall be sadly disappointed'

Ricochets, by André Maurois (Cassell, 58.): 'These twentyfive studies, oblique in their approach . . . betraying that typically Gallic delight in other people's inconsistencies, are

extremely well and acutely done'

A Pin to See the Peepshow, by Tennyson Jesse (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.): 'Is the story of Julia Almond, who lived in a dual world of reality and dreams. In her case the reality was that of her lower-middle-class suburban home and her commonplace husband. From these she sought escape by flights of her own imagination, and eventually by a lover who comes near, at least, to fulfilling the romantic dreams of her girlhood. . . . The end is tragedy—the murder of the husband in circumstances which bring Julia and her lover to the scaffold. . . . This book is fine, vivid, compassionate, terrifying: it is even, by way of stern example, a highly moral document'.

Earthquake in the Triangle, by Lewis Gibbs (Dent, 7s. 6d.): 'Describes the upheaval in the soul of a middle-aged doctor who struggles to meet the crisis in his love for a girl years younger than himself. The period of upheaval is twenty-four hours, synchronised with a day in the General Strike of 1926. This is an original, sensitive, and above all a truthful novel'.

Andromeda, by Jeffery Marston (Bles, 7s. 6d.): 'Mr. Marston presents not one day but a quarter of a century in time, moving from the Boer War to the present day, and his touch is crisp and convincing . . . A lively and illuminating book'

Goodbye Mr. Chips, by James Hilton (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.): 'A novel which I think even finer than that which won this author the Hawthornden Prize last year. It is only a long short story, but so beautifully done that it is well worthy of separate publication'.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Devil in Scotland. Collected and Illustrated by Douglas Percy Bliss. MacLehose. 8s. 6d.

TILL ABOUT TWO CENTURIES ago, the devil was at home in Scotland. He was more homely and more provincial than Satan of the Scriptures; he spoke in the accents of Buchan and Fife; his witches called him Black John; his familiars were Robert the Jakis, Saunders the Red Reaver, Hendrie Craig and Rorie; he preached from Presbyterian pulpits; he danced reels, sang bawdy songs, and played the bagpipes. When he left the parish of Balweary, in Stevenson's 'Thrawn Janet', it was reported as 'Sinsyne the de'il has never fashed us in Ba'weary'—the tone of those relieved to see him go, but not surprised to have had him come. This clear picture of his appearance and his habits comes to us, of course, from the records of the trials of witches and warlocks and others in league with him. And the best Scottish stories of diablerie, such as Mr. Douglas Percy Bliss has collected in this volume, follow these records very closely. Looking at the four stories here, the witches' dance in the kirkyard in 'Tam O'Shanter', the devil's appearance as a dog in 'Wandering Willie's Tale' and as a black man in 'Thrawn Janet', the silver bullet that killed Tod Lapraik, have, with many other details, their exact counterparts recorded in such books as Sir George Mackenzie's Criminal Law, George Sinclair's Satan's Invisible World Discovered and Pitcairn's Scottish Criminal Trials. Their excellence, thus, is due not so much to imagination in the sense of invention, as to imagination in the sense of re-creation of things once believed true; and the same excellence is found in Mr. Bliss' thirty-nine illustrations. Though the subjects are supernatural, there is no vagueness; the uncanny effect is produced not by hints or a suggestive atmosphere, but-and here wood-engraving is a particularly suitable medium—by precision of detail. Auld Nick's cloven hooves are as clear as the tappitoorie on Tam O' Shanter's bonnet; the witch Nannie grasping his mare's tail is as solid as Alloway Brig; and certainly the corpse of Thrawn Janet, hanging from a single nail by a single worsted thread, is every bit as real as the Reverend Murdoch Soulis glowering at her in his nightgown. Here are no occasional ghostly visitors from another world, but regular inhabitants of this-'your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour'. Mr. Bliss has caught this reality and solidity of evil in his engravings as clearly as Scott and Stevenson did in their stories, and he may be praised because though everything in them, from the devil's tartan bagpipes to the church he haunts, is unmistakably Scottish, yet there is no doubt that the influence at work is that of no local spirit, but of the universal Prince of Ill.

In addition to his wood-engravings Mr. Bliss has contributed an introduction which outlines briefly the devil's Scottish activities. In it he makes the curious statement that 'Faery is a realm remote, known only to poets and witches and certainly not to Presbyterians'. In fact, the most comprehensive and scientific book on fairies in Scotland was the work of a minister of the Kirk, the Reverend Robert Kirk of Aberfoyle, author of The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies (1692)—a very exact description of their nature, habits and government. There is also the evidence of Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus that, even into the nineteenth century 'the Shorter Catechism and the fairy stories were mixed up together to form the innermost faith of the Highlander'. There is one other small point to question: why does Mr. Bliss show Redgauntlet's horseshoe frown with points turning upward? To judge by the quite plausible horseshoe frowns that many people can make, they would much more naturally have gone the other way.

Into the Light, and Other Poems. By Lyle Donaghy Published by the Author.* 15s. The Mad Lady's Garland. By Ruth Pitter

Cresset Press. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Donaghy, like most of the Irish poets, explores English rhythms seeking to add more and more speed, so that he can change them to accord with the curiously intricate yet free traditions of Gaelic verse. His success with long musical phrases, hitched along loose-metred running lines, introduces a new quality into our prosody. It must be studied to be appreciated, and the reader needs to sit again and again with this book, until

the accumulative effect of these experiments makes itself felt. The poet claims that his work, like all Irish poetry, is 'integrally classical and aristocratic; individual, concrete, humanly rich, learned in craft and proudly licensed, strict, puissant'. It is rather startling to hear such a claim today, when poets are in the habit of apologising for their mere existence. But it is a justified claim, for indeed this is aristocratic poetry, rooted in a fastidious knowledge of Greek and Latin, and quite virtuose in its conscious—almost self-conscious—conjuring with vowel and consonant and all the devices that we had thought were buried with Browning's Grammarian.

Mr. Donaghy is most successful when he runs his accelerated rhythms through the accepted measures of pentameter and tetrameter. Using them freely, with the tricks of line-break so familiar now in the work of the most modern free-versifiers, who follow the pretty chicaneries of Ezra Pound, Mr. Donaghy loses strength, and with that loss he also loses speed, thus defeating the purpose of his experiments. But he can play with astonishing dexterity on the stock measures, as the reader will see from this poem, which is a technical masterpiece in its use of rhythm in conflict with measure.

I said she will be music that goes deep
Into the ivies, pouring through their shadow
Joy's last measure, and the birds and winds
Will be like an old harp out of tune.
I did not know what the crazy fools know
In La Scala and the Metropole, that love
Light-slippered flits after a tamarind flower.
Let be, now, for the leafless days they hate
Have longer heritage, wider horizons
Than the Spring, and what berries, red or black,
Have burst ripening from the ivies of dream.

In A Mad Lady's Garland, Miss Pitter has leaped from her usual elegiac seriousness to the special seriousness of satire. These poems, fantastic criticisms in the La Fontaine vein, are soliloquies attributed to the more dubious kinds of observers of the game of life; earwigs, fleas, and suchlike. This angle of vision has become a literary tradition since it was first introduced by Æsop, and Miss Pitter has done something almost miraculous in giving it a fresh significance. Her versification is flawless, and even where she adopts archaisms it is done in the manner of Edmund Spenser, who so far succeeded in this delightfully wilful trick as almost to delay the development of English for a century. Her line is always well balanced, and she knows how to explore a single thought so that it shall exactly be accommodated with a given stanza-shape. This skill also was probably learned from Spenser, who with the Victorian James Thomson shares the honours of perfecting this particular device. Here is an example, from the soliloquy of Ecclesiasticella, a church-mouse:

> My name is Poverty, my fame a sneer; This a light burthen, that a windy breath: For poor Ecclesiasticella's care Is nowise for this life which vanisheth; My riches be not here; as for my fame I reck not, so my life be free from blame.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in his preface to these poems, says that he 'could wish to be younger in order to mark the moment when talent of this very high level reaches its reward in public fame'. It is possible that in these diversions Miss Pitter is making a quicker stride towards fame than if she had kept to the path she formerly trod in her more normal work.

The History of the Roumanians. By R. W. Seton-Watson. Cambridge University Press. 25s.

The history of Roumania has hitherto had to be disinterred from a mass of polemics, largely inspired by Central European rivalries. Indeed the polemics, largely of Hungarian irredentist origin, have ended in a reductio ad absurdum; for no nation could have a history such as that attributed to Roumania by Hungary. Professor Seton-Watson has decided to cut the Gordian knot and give us the facts. For Roumania is neither an accumulation of nomadic peasants who pressed into Roumania in the thirteenth century from the Balkans, after Hungarians had settled there in force, nor is it, as irredentist Roumanians would maintain, a land which has retained its old Daco-Latin population intact from the time of Trajan. As the author points

*At the Cuala Press, Dublin

out, the early history of Roumania is plunged in a fantastic obscurity, yet we cannot, if we are historically minded, forget two facts—one that in early Roman and pre-Roman times there was a vigorous and well-organised population, the Dacians, who cannot conceivably be considered to have vanished from history, and secondly that any traveller to Roumania is at once struck by the essentially Latin cast of countenance of the majority of the peasants, while any linguist cannot ignore the fact that Roumanian is a well-preserved Romance tongue. Hungarian historians, writing from a viciously national point of view, take none of these facts into consideration.

Professor Seton-Watson has compiled a complete and profoundly scholarly history of the nation. He brings out the surprising tenacity of the Roumanian stock, which sought refuge in the Carpathians as and when invaders swept the plains. He shows how Wallachia and Moldavia slowly developed into the semblance of the Roumania to come and seldom failed to produce a man of action in times of crisis (like Hunjady, or Stephen the Great, or Rares). With Turkey on her flank and Magyars bent on absorption of everything Roumanian on her rear, and with Slavs across the Danube, Roumania preserved a precarious but definite existence until the Turkish flood finally conquered all central European independence east of Vienna. Then Roumania was handed over to Greek tax farmers and princes from the Phanariot Greek community of Constantinople. Thereafter Roumanian history languishes, under the Turkish darkness, until emancipation in the nineteenth century. All this long tale the author has told with excellent documentation and full detail. Nor is there any trace of bias in favour of the country whose history he writes. True scientific method and meticulous accuracy are enough to expose the remarkable claims of anti-Roumanian historians. The final chapters deal with the Great War and its sequel in Roumania. itself as complicated and troubled a period as any preceding. It is to be hoped that the author will see that in a later edition the illustration on Plate III is described as from a miniature in an evangeliary at Cernautz, and not as from a fresco in the monastery at Putna.

Good Morning and Good Night. By H.H. The Ranee Margaret of Sarawak. Constable. 15s.

Sixty-five years ago, the authoress, then in her twentieth year, married Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, second ruler of that tiny kingdom, the story of which is one of the 'romances come true' of the Golden East. Since then, conditions of life in the Malayan Archipelago have altered vastly. Wherefore a simply told tale of experiences of those far-off days in a strange, remote and little-known territory is all the more welcome. For there were no luxury cruisers, or, indeed, any tourist traffic in Far Eastern waters in those days. Nor were contemporary historians abounding.

But, then, as now, the wife of a ruling potentate had her duties to her people. The celerity with which the Ranee endeared herself to all, and especially to 'her beloved friends, the Malay women' amply demonstrates the success she achieved soon after landing on the mangrove-fringed shores of Sarawak. Excursions among the Dyaks, adventures in the jungle and slow voyages on vague, devious waterways soon resulted in a wide knowledge of her husband's country and subjects—a husband of whom, with a subconscious note of half-resentful, semi-humorous regret, she observes, 'His one and only thought was the prosperity of Sarawak'. It is but fair to add that in the task of ruling a proud, sensitive and cultured people the Ranee indicates how ably the Rajah was supported by his staff—a selected group of young and efficient men, prototypes of the breed Lord Northcliffe had in mind when, fifty years later, he wrote, 'I have been thinking over all the people I have met in these distant places. They are the élite of our race'.

Thus far the 'Good Morning' part of the book. Afterwards, ill-health, children and other responsibilities necessitated severance from the Ranee's little kingdom. She does not say so, but the parting must have been a sad one. Thereafter, an atmosphere of lavender and old lace clings around her pages and her life, so far as it has been recorded. Yet it had—and has—its compensations. The friendship of Burne-Jones, Swinburne, William Morris and Henry James—not to mention Sarah Bernhardt and a host of others—has not been everyone's privilege. Nor has it been given to many to have said to Rudyard Kipling, during an argument on the merits of Guy de Maupassant, 'My dear little boy, mind your own business'. And so, not altogether devoid of passing sorrows, the book ends,

redolent of scented gardens and ancient country houses, and, lastly, of the fragrance of the heather surrounding a haven in a Cornish village set between the moorland and the sea. 'Together with these consolations there is another pleasure that lies behind old age; for the older we become the more we admire and love Nature . . . in clouds and mists and rose-red sunsets; in moonlit nights and stars'. Thus, the conclusion. In all, a very charming book.

The Stuff of Radio. By Lance Sieveking Cassell. 8s. 6d.

'There is', says Mr. Sieveking, 'only one true stuff of radio, one kind of thing, one genre of arranged sounds, that is peculiarly, particularly, and integrally, the stuff of radio'. He is referring to radio drama and 'feature programmes', but it is with the first that this very original and lively book is concerned. A large pate of the book contains plays, and extracts from plays, by the author; they make fascinating reading, for everyone used to radio drama can make some attempt to reconstruct them in sound from the detailed directions. Some of the extracts are from 'plays too purely radio to be printed for reading'—a vindication indeed of the sound-painting or sound-arranging theory against those who think that a play, even on the radio, should be a good straightforward transcript of a good straight play for the stage. Playing with time and space are two of Mr. Sieveking's normal occupations in the radio drama, in which he habitually gets a most stimulating, a most emotionally stirring effect, from his traceries of pure sound. In the chapters on radio drama he by no means despises the play of realism, or of character, or of conflict of ideas, but it is easy to see how he most enjoys himself, and that is when sounds are symbols, and all the dimensions are his to play with. His own account of his first production of 'Kaleidoscope' throws illumination upon his whole method. 'Without consciously reading the directions on my script I faded the tiny football matches out off the horizon, and wiped the narrator off the map with the singer, and then cut the music off sharply'. And then, later, comes the profoundly true remark 'Everything depends on the timing, that it shall be exact to a psychological second'

Mf. Sieveking is so full of interest in this new art form, so overflowing with experiment and ideas, that the chapters are almost breathless. Sometimes he is rather wordy, but since he is never dull the reader is carried along and only feels that a little more compression would be desirable. No point in radio drama is too small for the author's delighted interest. Mr. Sieveking says that after nearly nine years' work with radio drama, he still finds it exciting; and the success of his book lies partly in its communication of that excitement to the reader.

André Gide. By Léon Pierre-Quint. Cape. 7s. 6d.

There is no English equivalent of M. André Gide. If one said that he was a French combination of Bernard Shaw and D. H. Lawrence, with additional elements reminiscent of E. M. Forster and Earl Russell, that would perhaps give some notion of his influential position; it would not at all describe the writer as he is. He was born in 1869. He published his first book when he was 21 or 22. For years he attracted little attention, and the he was 21 or 22. For years he attracted little attention, and the fact that he was comfortably off may have helped to keep him obscure. In 1909, with a few friends, he founded the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, one of the best of the pre-War reviews and since the War a great commercial success. In this way he was associated, directly or indirectly, with the rise to fame of Valéry, Claudel, Proust and Alain-Fournier, author of the memorable Le Grand Meaulnes. At last he won fame himself and became a prophet honoured in his own country. He had already been honoured elsewhere. They had begun translating him in Germany in 1908; in England, Edmund Gosse wrote about him in 1909. It was not till 1916 that he began to grow popular in France. He was attacked, he was defended; above all, he was read. He was read especially by the young, and some who thus came under his influence while adolescent in those War years have, being now successful writers in their turn, paid tribute to his former power over them. He awakened, they say, a whole generation to consciousness. More recently it has become the custom to declare, on the contrary, that he is out of date. But is it true? Books about him, for or against, go on getting published, and the sensation there was two years ago when he embraced Communism indicates what a remarkable figure he remains for intelligent Frenchmen between the ages of 20 and 35. Moreover,

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(reprinted in this issue)

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though too heterodox ever to be invited inside the French Academy, he has by now been translated into Dutch, Hungarian, Swedish, Norwegian, Czech, Italian, Polish, Serbo-Croatian, Turkish and Japanese. But the secret of it all is not in anything we can remotely parallel over here. M. Gide is a cramped and limited story-teller; neither his opinions nor his arguments will stand scrutiny. He is indeed too self-conscious to be a first-rate artist and too fanciful to be a thinker. But there are five things in which he is passionately interested: language as an instrument, humanitarianism, medical psychology, morality and himself. He writes conventionally, sometimes lusciously, but always admirably. Psychology gives him scope to speculate about morality. And to be properly interested in oneself is, of course, to interest all selves. Wielding his potent pen, writing in his moving accents, he has naturally gained the ear of dreaming and eager youth. Yet it takes a Frenchman to be so openly preoccupied with personal morality, a Frenchman to be so openly self-centred, even if in this case a Frenchman with a European, a world-wide appeal.

M. Léon Pierre-Quint's study is apparently the first introduction to the man as well as to his work which has been offered to English readers. As such it would be welcome, were it not that, arising out of what has just been said, it does not seem to be the introduction required. It abounds in literal printers' errors and the translator, notwithstanding a reputation as a novelist to preserve, has often failed to get the French into English. The real trouble, however, lies with M. Pierre-Quint himself. He evidently writes as a disciple, and at times not without unconscious irony, as when he says that as Christ has taught that one should sell one's goods M. Gide sold his books and his Normandy estate, but omits all mention of what happened to the proceeds. But, more than that, he considers the 'doctrine' almost entirely in terms of the man. Now, M. Gide being, as was said above, so essentially French, that cannot be what English readers require. The best way English people might be introduced to M. Gide is through some appreciation of his European significance. There is no reason, moreover, why they should not have such an appreciation at their disposal, for one has long been available in German, and, being by Dr. Ernst Robert Curtius, it will not easily be superseded.

London Night. Photographs by John Morrison and Harold Burdekin. Collins. 10s. 6d.

Londoners are notoriously careless of the graces of their own city, their pride of place being concerned rather with persons and events than with exterior facets of light and shadow. To many the appearance of London at night is remembered only in the hurried glimpse of quiet streets which lie between home and work or pleasure. That which even in the daytime is seldom admired, at night is ignored. The authors of this book, however, remind us that the night itself has a character of its own. Their work follows closely the form of M. Paul Morand, the French photographer, who said in the introduction to Paris de Nuit: "La nuit n'est pas le négatif du jour: les surfaces ne cessent pas d'être blanches pour devenir noires . . .'

This collection of London photographs is diverse and interesting. Messrs. Morrison and Burdekin have included several scenes which are familiar to the least sophisticated and many which are strange and new. Their triumph is to have avoided either haphazard or hackneyed extremes while maintaining a good balance and a sense of continuity. Several examples of their work are reproduced on the opposite page.

Children of the Yellow Earth By J. Gunnar Andersson. Kegan Paul. 25s.

This interesting volume is translated from the Swedish of Professor Andersson, the distinguished curator of the Museum of Far Eastern Antiquities at Stockholm, to whose personal efforts so much of our knowledge of Chinese prehistory is due. It is consequently far from being a work of purely armchair criticism and might more aptly be described as a record of adventure of an unusually exciting kind. Professor Andersson traces the beginning of his interest in Chinese archæology to an unusual piece of ore which he saw twenty years ago in Peking in the course of his duties as a mining expert and which led to the discovery of a large deposit. It also led indirectly to the discovery of what Professor Andersson calls 'the earliest traces of life in Northern China'. It is curious that yet another piece of stone, this time a block of sandstone in the Geological Museum at Peking containing three prehistoric vertebræ, was

responsible for the discovery of Mongolian dinosaurs, 'of which one has won singular distinction owing to the fact that not only was its skeleton found, but also its excellently preserved eggs, which was something entirely new in the history of dinosaur research'. The dragons' bones which have long been popular among Chinese apothecaries for their supposed healing properties are actually fossil remains of prehistoric mammals. Of even greater importance are the excavations at Chou K'ou Tien, which resulted in the disclosure of two human teeth and thus in the discovery of what become known as 'the Peking Man' or more scientifically as Sinanthropus pekinensis. The ceramic finds in the neighbourhood of Yang Shao Tsun in Honan province were a revelation to students of Chinese pottery, and it is scarcely too much to claim, as does Professor Andersson, that 'in the history of China this prehistoric ceramic art was not succeeded by a similar artistic renaissance until the Sung dynasty'. This volume is plentifully illustrated with photographs and drawings, and it may be confidently recommended to all readers, whether or no they already possess any knowledge of the subjects involved. It is filled with fascinating stories of the adventures that befell Professor Andersson on his travels, and not the least interesting are the closing chapters which deal with such subjects as fecundity rites and the symbolism connected with love and death. In these chapters the beliefs of the prehistoric Chinese are compared with those of primitive peoples in other parts of the globe in a masterly fashion which should be irresistible to any reader.

Russian Sociology. By Julius F. Hecker Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.

Dr. Hecker's latest work deserves the commendation which it receives in a foreword by Sydney Webb as a book to be read by every serious student of social philosophy. It follows at an interval of rather less than a year the same author's Moscow Dialogues. In that book Dr. Hecker attempted to state in dialogue form the philosophical theory which dictates the nature of the present regime in Russia. In itself the task was bound to be one of enormous difficulty, for dialectical materialism not only turns Hegel 'upside down', but the ideas of ordinary men and women and traditional ways of thinking must 'loop the loop' if they are to keep company with it. Such a process involves a real danger of mental indigestion, and Russian Sociology deserves a welcome from the non-professional reader because it shows in slow motion the process by which the inversion came about in Russia.

We are given a history of Russian social thinking from the beginning of last century to the present day. There is first of all a section dealing with the beginnings of Russian sociology, a mixture of revolutionary doctrine, reaction, anarchism, Russophilism and Westernism. There follows a long section devoted to what might be described as the period of liberalism and individualism corresponding to that of Philosophical Radicalism in England. After a short account of 'miscellaneous sociologists' we come in the final section to a statement of the Marxist position and an account of the most recent critics of Communist social theory. The author very fairly states the criticisms of the revisionists of Marxism and it is probably in this part of the book that the lay reader will be most interested.

It is a great tribute to Dr. Hecker that, while he is obviously most at home in stating the orthodox communist position, which he does with great force and admirable lucidity in Part IV, he is able to write with fairness and understanding of the critics of the system.

He asks us to accept the fact of the Russian Revolution and to follow him in his explanation of how the theoretical background came to be what it is. He is not justifying either the theory or the revolution by any standard outside of the events in Russia today. This comes out in several passages. Writing of Sorokin as a critic of Marxism he says, 'To deny to Marx and Engels their great contribution is to shut one's eyes to the most significant fact that the greatest and the most far-reaching revolution in human history is guided and led to victory by the principles of that social philosophy which Sorokin so much dislikes'. This is the true 'unity of theory and practice'.

In a modest summary of the achievements of Russian sociology the author places first its part in the direction of revolutionary events. It is the hypothesis which is being tested every day in the field of action. Its future lies with the future of the revolution just as the success of the revolution will in its turn depend upon the power of its sociologists to find for it its true objective.

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From 'London Night', by John Morrison and Harold Burdekin (Collins)

New Books on Religion

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

INCE the War, and increasingly in the last ten years, men have returned from a self-centred religion of 'God in us' to the idea of God the Supreme, the Awe-full, the Creator, the Absolute; God as He has been thought of in all ages by men of all religions, God whose condescension in permitting us to seek Him must not be taken advantage of, especially must not be taken advantage of in order that we may make Him in our own image. The reaction from the overemphasis on God in us may have gone too far; for no Christian can admit that the doctrine of God in us, summed up in the name Immanuel, is not true: but mankind, perplexed by the failure of science to render life better (to make certain things easier or quicker is not necessarily to make life better), distressed by the revival of hatred and useless national bigotries, has lost that self-confidence and turned once more to the adoration of the Transcendent God, God the Incomprehensible, the God who cannot be confined by any scheme or statement of ours. And all the books with which I deal here contribute, in their very different ways, to the better understanding of this God, and are a testimony to man's perpetual need of Him, a witness to the fact that earth can be understood and of Him, a witness to the fact that earth can be understood and its conditions improved only by those who are seeking a City in the Heaven, that 'dear City of Zeus' which the Greek poet proclaimed.

Dr. Kirk has published an abridgement of his larger volume of the same title, *The Vision of God*. In it he shows that Christianity has always been bound to a doctrine of the super-Christianity has always been bound to a doctrine of the supernatural; and that the adoration of God is the business of the Christian religion. He deals with those movements in the Church which drove men into the wilderness, into cells, into monasteries so that they might more perfectly adore God; yet at the same time the best of these men did not forget their duty to the Christian family. Even so severe a man as St. Bernard of Clairvaux says that 'a saint is one who has shown himself benevolent and charitable; who has lived a man among men, keeping back nothing from himself but using to the common advanback nothing from himself, but using to the common advan-tage of all every grace that he possesses'. Nor did the mystic contemplation of God prevent all the anchorites from enjoying the beauties of the natural world, as Dr. Kirk shows from the

records of Celtic Christianity.

records of Celtic Christianity.

Mr. Christopher Dawson's Mediæval Religion will give you a clear picture of the governing ideas in the Catholic Church in that great period, and show, too, why men are today returning to the idea of God the All Mighty. What we lack now and lament the lack of, is order: we are tired of licence and muddle, and a selfish individualism. In his chapter on Religion and Mediæval Science, Mr. Dawson insists on the place given to reason and to order by the mediæval theologians. It was under the rule of the God of order that the heavenly bodies kept their places—that 'army of unalterable law' as a Victorian poet called them; and order, not caprice, was the evidence of Deity. These essays of Mr. Dawson's are amongst his best work; and I heartily recommend them, especially the paper on Piers Plowman, to those who would properly appreciate the religious tradition of our past.

Yet those who aspire to the vision of God, who try to under-

Yet those who aspire to the vision of God, who try to understand and fulfil the mysterious saying of Jesus 'Be perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect', have insisted that there is a higher faculty than reason, and a way to God which transcends intelligence. One of the chief of these mystics is the Spaniard, St. John of the Cross, the friend of Santa Theresa, His works are difficult; and those who are shy of tackling them in full may be thankful for the little book, anonymously compiled, The Mystical Doctrine of St. John of the Cross. In St. John the purpose of life is not to meditate on God, nor even to adore Him, but to contemplate in a love which passes knowledge. Writings such as these must be read imaginatively, as poetry is read, for these mystics are the poets of theology: for them nothing matters but the love of God, which a man must answer in whatever way God calls him to take. Yet those who aspire to the vision of God, who try to underever way God calls him to take.

ever way God calls him to take.

One man of our own time was called to a strange and difficult response. I expect most of you have heard of the Sadhu Sundar Singh. He visited England. His life and his teaching have been the subject of books by Dr. Streeter and Dr. Heiler of Marburg; and now we have a brief and moving biography by one who knew him well, Mr. Charles Andrews, the friend of Gandhi. Sundar Singh was born in September, 1889. In 1929 he started on a journey to Tibet; and from that date there has been no word from him, nor news about him. In those forty years he ran a race of astounding adventure; and from this record of Mr. Andrews what stands out most clearly is that Sundar Singh was a man aflame with the love of God. He was a Sikh by religion, and brought up by his mother to put God first in everything. His mother, to whom he remained passionately devoted, died when Sundar was thirteen years of age, and in the time just after her death he showed great zeal in his religion,

even to the extent of molesting Christian missionaries. Shortly after his fourteenth birthday Sundar, in the excess of his anti-Christian sentiment, burnt a copy of the Gospels in the court-yard of his father's house. What follows must be told in his own

Christian sentiment, burnt a copy of the Gospels in the courtyard of his father's house. What follows must be told in his own words:

Though according to my own ideas at that time, I thought I had done a good deed in burning the Gospel, yet my unrest of heart increased, and for the two following days I was very miserable. On the third day, when I could bear it no longer, I got up at three in the morning and prayed that if there was a God at all He would reveal. Himself to me. My intention was that if I got no satisfaction, I would place my head upon the railway line when the five o'clock train passed by and kill myself. If I got no satisfaction in this life, I thought I would get it in the next. I was praying and praying but received no answer, and I prayed for half an hour longer hoping to get peace. At 4.30 a.m. I saw something of which I had no idea previously. In the room where I was praying I saw a great light. I thought the place was on fire, I looked round but could find nothing. The thought came to me that this might be an answer that God had sent me. Then as I prayed and looked into the light, I saw the form of the Lord Jesus Christ. It had such an appearance of glory and love! If it had been some Hindu incarnation I would have prostrated myself before it. But it was the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I had been insulting a few days before. I felt that a vision like this could not come out of my own imagination. I heard a voice saying in Hindustani: 'How long will you persecute me? I have come to save you; you were praying to know the right way. Why do you not take it?' So I fell at His feet and got this wonderful peace, which I could not get anywhere else, This was the joy I was wishing to get. This was heaven itself. When I got up, the vision had all disappeared; but although the vision disappeared, the peace and joy have remained with me ever since. I went off and told my father that I had become a Christian. He told me 'Go and lie down and sleep. Why, only the day before yesterday you burnt the Bible; and

cannot free themselves from the Christian inheritance. She writes:

cannot free themselves from the Christian inheritance. She writes:

Even the authentic, original paganism, is today saturated with Christian influences. Think of Gandhi, think of the new religious development in India, of which Stanley Jones tells us—of the Sahdus, who have not the slightest intention of being baptised, but who live by the New Testament and instruct their followers to take the Sermon on the Mount as their rule of conduct. Wittig is perfectly right when he says: 'Since Christ came into the world, there has no longer been a world without Christ. He entered into it like a dye, the stain of which no amount of washing will remove; like a drop of God's blood which remains ineffaceably there. And if anyone makes something or establishes something, without Him or against Him, and says this is of the world, it is not genuinely of the world, but made artificially to seem so'. And if this holds good of the alien Indian world, even of certain Jewish circles, how much more must it hold good of all the neo-paganism that has issued from Christianity and which in many respects is like a child that denies its origin but cannot obliterate the features of its race.

You will find Fraulein Coudenhove's dialogue a brilliant piece of apologetic; there are passages in it which remind me of the best in George Tyrrell's Oil and Wine, and even at times of Newman's profound and persuasive reasoning.

The books Mr. Ellis Roberts reviews above are: The Vision of God, by K. E. Kirk (Longmans, 7s. 6d.); Mediæval Religion, by Christopher Dawson (Sheed and Ward, 6s.); The Mystical Doctrine of St. John of the Cross (Sheed and Ward, 5s.); Sadhu Sundar Singh, by C. F. Andrews (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.); and The Burden of Belief, by Ida Coudenhove (Sheed and Ward, 3s. 6d.). Mr. Roberts also mentioned The Lord's Prayer, by Leonard Hodgson (Longmans 3s. 6d.); Faith and Life, by W. B. Selbie (Longmans, 3s. 6d.); and The Trail of Life in the Middle Years, by Rufus Jones (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.).